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Without Concealment—Without Compromise.

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AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

From the Liberator.

Address to the Abolitionists of Massachtsetts.

The undersigned, on behalf of the Convention lately held in Boston by the friends of independent political action, beg leave to address you in regard to your duties at the ensuing election.

We would premise, that the friends of this measure are not confined either to the Abolition, as distinguished from the Anti-Slavery Society of Massachusetts. In both societies some advocate, and others oppose, the movement. It is the same in the National organization. Friends and opponents are to be found in both the old and new societies.

As independent political action is not the measure of either society exclusively, neither is it confined to either political party. Converted whigs and democrats are now linked together in the common cause of humanity. Mr. Birney may be considered as preferring the whig, and Mr. Earle the democratic party.

We call on you, then, friends and brothers, not in the name of any society or party, but as men driven by our consciences and our love of humanity to assume an independent position. We call on you to forget for a moment that you are, or have been members of any religious, political or philanthropic association, and determine from your own unbiassed judgment what course you will pursue at the ensuing election.

The Convention, in whose name we speak, has nominated an Anti-Slavery ticket for electors of President and Vice President, and for Governor and Lieutenant Governor, and recommends similar nominations for other State officers. Why has this course been adopted? Why is the whole system of political Anti-Slavery operations to be changed thus suddenly? are questions which are naturally asked.—We reply that we believe independent political action is one of the great measures which is to effect the overthrow of the slave system; without it, all others, if not entirely nugatory, will be far slower and less efficacious.

Look for a moment at the gigantic enemy with whom we are contending. With a few solitary exceptions, he moves all the presses from Eastport to New Orleans. The clergy are struck dumb in his presence. Religion quails before him. The legislatures of the nation and the states fall down and worship at his nod. President, Vice President, Senators, Representatives and Governors, all bend to do him homage. The common law, daring to maintain an uncertain struggle against the mighty foe, has been nearly crushed in the conflict.

Do you ask for exhibitions of his power? you will find them in the Constitution of the United States, which binds us to surrender the runaway to his tyrant, and which gives such a fatal preponderance to the slave interest in the councils of the nation. Little more than one-third of the free population of the country, or 3,823,389 people in the slave States, have one hundred representatives in Congress, while the remaining two-thirds, 7,003,451 persons, have only one hundred and forty-two representatives. Why this disproportion? Why, too, is it that they have given the country Presidents for forty years, and the free votes for only twelve? Why is it that a foreigner is prohibited by Congress from being naturalized unless he is white? Why are free colored men not permitted to drive the mail? Why was the curse of slavery entailed on Louisiana, Missouri and Arkansas? Why is it still tolerated and encouraged in the District of Columbia and the territories under the exclusive legislation of Congress? Why has this country done so little for the abolition of the foreign slave trade—nothing for the abolition of the domestic? Why does our government still refuse to recognise Hayti as a nation, when our commercial interests so imperiously require it? Why is it that the petitions of our free citizens of the United States cannot be read before their representatives, if they relate to the obnoxious topic of slavery? These things are not accidental, they are the inevitable consequences of a predominating and constant influence. Time would fail were we to attempt to recapitulate, in the briefest manner, the instances in which the slaveholding power has ruled the councils of the National and State governments.

How is a power so strong, pervading the country, sustained by the habits, feelings, and supposed interests of the South, and the pusillanimity of the North; that the planters and the merchants kneel to as the associate of Mammon; that magistrates and people equally reverence—how is such a power to be successfully attacked? Some of our friends say by moral suasion—by appeals to the conscience of the nation. We should be the last to doubt the efficacy of such appeals. Truth and justice, immortal and invincible, angels of God himself, are fighting for us. The final issue of the struggle cannot be doubtful. But in this world truth and justice must fight with human weapons, the press, the pulpit, and the ballot-box.

As long as as we have an immense and overwhelming force to contend against, which has allied to itself the pulpit, the press, the courts, and the legislatures of the country, to resist it effectually, will require every human means which heaven has placed within our reach. No one can be safely neglected. Why is the obvious means which the ballot-box offers, to be despised? How often has that been effectual in this country for purposes much less important? Where else is the battle of freedom to be fought, if not at the polls.

Is it not obvious that both the great political parties in the country are the allies of slavery? Have they not denounced, reviled, persecuted, and mobbed Abolitionists throughout the country whenever they thought it would promote their purposes? Have not both parties now nominated candidates for President and Vice President, who are sworn friends to the slaveholding interest?

Look at Van Buren, who publishes in advance, that if the people of the country, by their representatives in Congress, pass a bill for abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia, he will show his devotion to southern policy by vetoing it. His equally disgraceful conduct in relation to the captives of the Amistad, is still fresh in our recollection. In trembling obedience to the dictation of slavery, he is ready and anxious to surrender to a foreign country these unfortunate strangers, whom justice, mercy, heaven, and the honor of his country, all commanded him to protect.

Next turn to Harrison. While governor of the Territory of Indiana, he used his official influence to introduce slavery into that territory, contrary to the Act of Congress by which it had been forever excluded. While a member of Congress he voted for the admission of Missouri, with a constitution sanctioning slavery, and thus consented to an act which under the name of a 'Compromise,' delivered the free States and free labor wholly into the hands of the slave power. While a candidate for the Presidency in 1836, he uttered the sentiment in a public speech, that the citizens of the free States have no constitutional right even to *discuss* the subject of slavery, which sentiment he has re-affirmed since his recent nomination. He maintains, too, the doctrine that Congress has no power by the Constitution to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia without the consent of the slave States. Finally, he gave his encouragement and assistance to Kentucky, in procuring the passage, by the legislature of Ohio, of the infamous law making it criminal to give food and shelter to fugitives from republican bondage.

The candidates for Vice President, Johnson, Tyler, Polk, and Forsyth, are all slaveholders, wedded to the institution of the South,

It is not by accident, that the candidates of both the political parties are thus the devoted friends of the slave system They were selected for that reason, they are supported on that account.

Brethren, we should think it an insult, to ask you whether you can vote for such men, were it not that too many Abolitionists have formed their party chains so strong, that they have joined in the thoughtless shouts for Harrison and Van Buren.

Abolitionists of Massachusetts, we appeal to your consciences, can you consistently enrol yourselves with parties, either of which, if successful, is sure to maintain the slave system? Become a whig or a democrat, and you not only suffer the great principles of the natural equality and brotherhood of all mankind, for which you are contending, to become subservient to the inferior objects which they aim at,—to a Sub-Treasury system or a National Bank,—but you are in reality building up the great fabric of slavery with one hand, while you pretend to be demolishing it with the other.

It was the opinion of the Convention we represent, that there ought to be Anti-Slavery candidates for Governor, Lieutenant Governor, and other State officers. The same considerations which lead to the nomination of candidates for office under the U. S. Government, seem to require this further action. We cannot consistently act with the other parties. We must divorce ourselves from them altogether. The connection between the State and General Government is so intimate, that the only means by which we can make the power of the State felt in the national councils, is by reforming our own Legislature. When United States Senators are to be chosen, how are we to ensure the selection of those, who will dare to maintain the rights of man, and not crouch to the spirit of slavery? Can any other way be pointed out but independent political organization?

But it is urged we shall oppose particular candidates whenever necessary, as effectually by scattering our votes at elections, as by more organized opposition. This is sheer nousense. Few men will take trouble to go to the polls to scatter their votes. But give them names which they have been wont to love and reverence, round whom to rally, and thousands will rush to support the nominations. This is the only course to concentrate and consolidate our strength.

The truth is, our principles are directly at war with those of both political parties. We cannot be true to our own views of duty, and act with them. The sooner, therefore, our connection with them is dissolved,—the sooner we allow our principles to develop themselves in a political form, the sooner will they triumph.

Friends and brethren, you have been too long united with whigs and democrats, you have too long aided the slave power of the country by enrolling yourselves in these parties. Abandon them then, at once and forever, and join in the name of freedom and Christianity in opposition to these parties, and all parties who will not recognize the claims of a common humanity.

But we hear it said, Abolitionists will become corrupted by becoming partisans. How so? Have not the majority of them hitherto been members of parties with whom they could not entirely sympathize? Will they become corrupted by acting in concert with those in whose great object they heartily sympathize? Do men become the worse by conforming their actions to their views of duty? The argument goes too far; it would put an end to all united political action. If the thing itself, a political party, be not wrong, and we are not now addressing those who consider it so, then one based on sound principles is the one which every good man should embrace and cling to. To say that he ought not to make his great moral principles the main spring of his political action, is to say, that he must be content with meaner principles for public use, and keep his strict morality at home for private purposes.

We believe that the great principles for which we are contending, the brotherhood and equality of all mankind, will not only necessarily form a party, but will purify the elements of which it is composed. Selfishness and ambition may indeed exist in such an association, as they are liable to in every thing human, but they will be compelled to move in strict subordination to the generous motives which create and animate the organization.

What led our fathers through the toils and perils of the revolution with unabated zeal and courage? It was the great principles which moved them. These bound together the people of the country, and sustained and cheered them in all their reverses. It will be so with Abolitionists The great idea of universal freedom, and equal rights, will summon the great body of our citizens to support our cause. However few we may now be, however we may be persecuted and reviled, the sacred truth will have its influence on the hearts and minds of men, and in the end must triumph The idea expressed in the following resolution has of late been widely circulated among Abolitionists.

'Resolved, That it is the duty of Abolitionists, by diffusing the principles of light, and liberty, and love, to convert men of all parties to truth in doctrine and right in practice; to make abolitionists of partizans, not partizans of abolitionists.'

It requires but little reflection to perceive that the argument conveyed in this resolution is superficial, and, we speak it with respect, little better than a play upon words.—If a whig or democrat becomes an Abolitionist indeed and in truth, must he not cease to be a whig or a democrat? Nay more, will he not find himself at once the antagonist of both whigs and democrats? Can he, for a moment unite with his old associates in supporting their presidential and vice-presidential candidates, the devoted allies of the slave system, or in totally neglecting all efforts for accomplishing the great duties, which devolve on the national government, of abolishing slavery and the slave trade in the District of Columbia and the territories, and the slave trade between the states, and preventing slavery in every new state admitted to the union? These great objects are not merely forgotten in the strife of contending factions, but are, by mutual consent, banished from discussion.

We are told every day that certain great interests of the country are at stake on the issue of a Presidential election, and that as we cannot prevent the success of one or other of the great parties, we ought to unite with the one whose triumph will most promote the welfare of our common country. We must not bring Anti-Slavery forward in the present critical condition of the nation, but wait for some fitter opportunity. Listen not to the voice of the tempter. He will always tell you that it is better to postpone duty to present interests, and that your struggles will be futile and unavailing, if commenced at an unpropitious season. But the present is always the best time to begin either personal or national reform. The sooner the work is set about in earnest, the sooner will it be accomplished. All we expect at the next election is to bear a faithful testimony against oppression and in favor of liberty, to enjoy the satisfaction of a good conscience, to present an example for others to follow hereafter. Our votes we know are too few to change the result. But should we, against all hope and calculation, prevent an election by the people, and so throw the choice on the House of Representatives, the whigs no doubt will exclaim, you have treacherously deserted your country in her most imminent peril: you are the cause of the success of Van Buren and his myrmidons; in following the shadow of an impossible theory, you have sacrificed the substance of a glorious reform and general prosperity.

Such charges would no doubt be painful to those of us who have been whigs. But we ought to rejoice in such a result. It would be a lesson never to be lost upon either party. It would fill their souls with terror and confusion. It would be the presage of our future and final success. It would rouse the nation like an earthquake.

Abolitionists of Massachusetts, we exhort you to remain true to your principles in the approaching contest; to cast your suffrages for James G. Birney, whose labors and sacrifices in the cause of liberty are so well known, whose sound judgment, comprehensive views, political information, and above all, unswerving rectitude, eminently qualify him for the high station for which he is a candidate. Every Abolitionist should esteem it a pleasure and a privilege to vote for such a man. Nor is it necessary for us to enlarge on the merits of Mr. Earle, the tried and devoted champion of Freedom. It is needless to compare him with the slaveholding candidates of the whigs and democrats.

Abolitionists of Massachusetts, renounce forever the fatal connection with other parties, which you cannot maintain without a compromise of the great principles by which you are guided. Follow the dictates of your own consciences. Burst the chains which political and personal connections impose upon you, that you may the sooner break the chains of the slave. You will enjoy the highest reward in the approval of your own consciences and the smiles of heaven.

S. E. Sewall, Isaac Clark, E. Wright, Jr. } *Committee.*

Boston, June 20, 1840.

Anti-Slavery Political Party.

We publish this week, by request, the proceedings of the Convention of friends of independent Anti-Slavery nominations, recently held in this city, and also the Address of the Committee of that Convention to the Abolitionists of Massachusetts. It will be seen that candidates for Governor and Lieutenant Governor of the State, and an electoral ticket for the support of Birney and Earle as candidates for President and Vice President, were nominated. The fact, that out of five or six hundred friends of the Anti-Slavery cause, who were in the city at the time, only forty took part in the proceedings, would seem to show conclusively, (what, indeed, was scarcely doubted before,) that the third party scheme finds but little favor among the great body of Abolitionists in Massachusetts. While a few are doubtless influenced by party attachments in their opposition to the measure, we are confident that an immense majority are actuated by the highest considerations of duty and sound policy, and a deep-rooted conviction that it will retard rather than accelerate the triumph of Anti-Slavery principles at the polls. Such being our own settled opinion, we are not a little gratified to learn, that the Hon. William Jackson of Newton, for whose judgment in such a case we entertain a very high respect, has declined to accept the nomination for Governor. One at least of the gentlemen nominated on the electoral ticket, will unquestionably decline; and we are not without hope that others will see the propriety of pursuing the same course.

The Address is from the pen of our highly esteemed and single-hearted brother, Samuel E. Sewall, who has been a member of the Board of Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society from its origin in 1832 to the present period, and who has given the most unequivocal proofs of his ardent attachment to the cause. He is one of the few friends of the old organization, within the sphere of our acquaintance, who support the third party scheme. No one who knows him will for a moment doubt his perfect integrity and uprightness; and there are few men in our ranks whose opinions are entitled to more profound respect than his. The Address is written in that calm, but earnest style, which characterizes all the productions of its author; and it is our earnest wish that the facts and arguments which it embodies may be duly weighed by the Anti-Slavery voters of the State.

The whole question of political action having been already very fully discussed in our columns, and our own views having been repeatedly expressed, the present occasion does not appear to demand any extended remarks. We offer only a few words upon one or two prominent points.

We must express, at the outset, our cordial approbation of a large portion of the Address. To all its statements respecting the debasing and corrupting influence of slavery upon the pulpit and the press of the nation, and the utter subserviency to the slave power of both political parties, as well as the government of the country, we yield a hearty response. The picture is as just as it is humiliating. If the contemplation of it shall induce even one professed Abolitionist to break the chords which bind him to either of the pro-slavery parties, no one will rejoice more heartily over his enfranchisement than ourselves. That no Abolitionist can vote for either the whig or democratic candidates for President and Vice President, without the grossest inconsistency, or without striking a deadly blow at the principles he professes to revere, is a proposition so clear to our mind, that we wonder how any one can for a moment hesitate to admit its truth. We freely confess, however, that at the last Presidential election we were so blind as to vote for a pro-slavery candidate; but, even if our conscientious scruples did not keep us from the polls, we would sooner cut off our right hand than suffer it again to deposite a vote for such a candidate. If any advice or warning of ours against voting for slavery at the polls, could add any force to those presented in the Address, we would urge them with all the earnestness of one whose attachment to the cause is paramount to every personal and party consideration.

But, while we admit the truth of the premises so eloquently set forth in the Address, we are far, very far, from being convinced of the soundness of the writer's conclusions. It is still our firm conviction, that little or nothing will be gained, while much will be lost, by the plan of independent nominations. We are confident that our opinion upon this point is not the result of our peculiar views of the inherent character of government, but of a careful estimate of all the considerations which should have weight with a person who regards it not only right in itself, but a duty, to exercise the elective franchise. That slavery in our country will eventually be abolished by law, (so far as it can be done by such means,) unless the views of the people in relation to government shall undergo a speedy and almost miraculous change—and that every consideration of expediency and duty must naturally operate to induce Abolitionists, who vote, to carry out their principles by consistent and persevering political action, is what we fully believe. We urge no arguments, on the Anti-Slavery platform, to dissuade men from voting. The question is not, whether the ballot-box is not an important instrumentality, which should be wielded by every voter for the promotion of the cause of humanity and freedom; nor whether Anti-Slavery voters are not under the most sacred obligations to bestow their suffrages upon men who have given unequivocal evidence of their fidelity to the principles of impartial justice; but it is whether the desired object can be most speedily and effectually accomplished by an organized and independent political party, or by the modes of action hitherto pursued, modified somewhat, perhaps, in the light of past experience. It does not follow, that he who opposes the plan of independent nominations must therefore stay away from the polls, or vote for the pro-slavery candidates of the present parties. This is not the alternative now presented to the Anti-Slavery voters of the country. On the contrary, they may, and, if they are governed by principle, they will, bestow their suffrages upon men of the right stamp.

Much has been said of late to disparage the plan of "scattering votes," as it is termed, and not a few have treated it with utter contempt. The authors of the Address do so by pronouncing it "sheer nonsense" to maintain that this plan is as effective as that of independent nominations. They doubtless utter their honest convictions by the use of this strong, not to say dogmatical expression; but we have searched the Address in vain for any argument in support of this opinion, which shakes our former belief. It is said that "few men will take the trouble to go to the polls to scatter their votes," while if you "give them names which they have been wont to love and reverence, round whom to rally, thousands will rush to support the nominations." Are these assertions true? We will not allow ourselves to place so low an estimate upon the character of Abolitionists as for one moment to believe it. Is it the enthusiasm of a *name* that is wanted to prevent them from prostituting their principles at the polls? Is it by such enthusiasm alone that they can be induced to perform their duty to their perishing countrymen? Are not the cords of sympathy which bind them to their brethren—to say nothing of their regard for principles dearer to them than life—strong enough to break every party ligature, and secure the faithful performance of every political duty? If not, then are they unworthy of the name of Abolitionists. They need a new baptism of principle, and not the enthusiasm of a party, to ensure their fidelity at the polls. If they are Abolitionists indeed, one half the labor and expense which will be required in maintaining a party organization, would be sufficient to induce them all to vote for good men and true. If they are not Abolitionists, their organization into a party will not make them so. Under such an influence, their last state would be worse than the first.

We refer to the Middlesex Congressional election in 1838 as evidence that Abolitionists may be easily brought to act right at the polls, without either the enthusiasm of a name, or the machinery of an organized party. It is our firm belief, that the nomination of an independent candidate in that case would have resulted in the success of one of the parties at the first trial; whereas, by "scattering" their votes—or, in other words, by voting independently, *as individuals*, they succeeded twice in preventing a choice. We well remember that the parties at that time, next to their desire that Abolitionists would vote for their candidates, prayed that they would make a nomination of their own.

The advocates of a third party, it seems to us, have betrayed a degree of impatience with the natural progress of events, which a more candid estimate of what has been already accomplished would have led them to avoid; and under the influence of this feeling, they are rushing into a measure which, we fear, will retard still more the object they are so anxious to effect.

We have not yet seen sufficient cause for disregarding the example of our English friends, who persevered in holding the balance of power between the parties, until their patient and untiring exertions were crowned with complete success. It is said, we know, that the political parties of our country are more subservient to the slave power, and guilty of greater outrages upon human rights, than were those of Great Britain. Admit it—but what does the fact prove, except that the *people* of the United States are more corrupted and debased by slavery than were the people of England! And is an Anti-Slavery political party the means most likely to purify their hearts and rectify their moral vision? To ask the question is to answer it.

All attempts to abolish slavery by legislation before the people of the country are converted to Anti-Slavery principles must of necessity be unsuccessful. A political party is not needed as a means of converting the people, and when they *are* converted, such a party will of course be unnecessary. When we say that efforts to abolish slavery by legislation must for the present be necessarily unsuccessful, we do not mean to intimate that such efforts should not be constantly and vigorously made; but only that the want of success should be attributed to the right cause, and not lead to the adoption of a measure which is at best of doubtful utility.

One point seems to have escaped our brethren who insist so strongly on the necessity of a new party. Neither of the great political parties is founded on the rightfulness of slavery. Look at their manifestos. You find no open justification of slavery. On the contrary, each claims to be the party of the largest liberty. Both are basely subservient to the slave system; but this subserviency is not a principle of the parties; it is an accident, an occasional, temporary *measure of policy*, as inconsistent with their own professed principles as it is with those of the Abolitionists. It is the result not so much of their own choice, as of a conviction that THE PEOPLE demand it at their hands; or at least that a portion of those whose votes are necessary to their success demand it, and that the remainder will not be driven by it from their support. The remedy for this state of things is to be found, not in a new party, but in scattering the "living coals of truth" upon the heart and conscience of the nation. Considered as a means of doing this, an organized political party appears to us one of the most mischievous expedients which could possibly be devised. It not only has no adaptation to the end proposed, but cannot fail to be highly pernicious.

Our faith is strong, that if the Anti-Slavery voters of the country will only persevere in the system of independent, *individual* action at the polls, and carefully avoid setting up candidates of their own, they will at no distant day achieve a brilliant victory. They will thereby make it manifest to all the world, that they are actuated by no selfish or ambitious designs—that they desire only the triumph of principle and the enfranchisement of their brethren in bonds; while the formation of a party will throw new obstacles in their path, and put to a still greater distance the day of the slave's redemption. We counsel them, therefore, to give no countenance to the plan of independent nominations, and, at the same time to bestow their suffrages upon men of tried character and principle. Above all, let them see to it that they do not incur the contempt of slaveholders, the rebuke of their own consciences, and the frown of Heaven, by casting their votes for pro-slavery candidates.—*Liberator.*

Condition of the Slaves.

"Our sheriff has near a hundred negroes in jail, all of whom will be sold next week, unless certain executions are satisfied. Plaintiffs demand specie, and the question will next be—where is the article to be had? 'Flowing up the Mississippi!'"—*Natchez Courier.*

What a comment upon the stupid pretense of republicans (!) that slaves are "*better off*" than freemen! Here are one hundred human beings, taken at random, wives, husbands, children, separated from their relations with as little regard to their feelings as though they were so many brutes, thrown into jail because their *masters* are insolvent, and for sale to the highest bidder. But, as Henry Clay says—"If the slaves are held *as property*, the unavoidable condition of property must attach itself to them!" This then is not an abuse of the system, but an essential part of it.—*Friend of Man.*

Fruits of "New Organization."

To the Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard:—

Although the Connecticut Anti-Slavery Society cannot be said to be entirely "new organized," yet, as its affairs are under the control of "new organizers," a majority of the Executive Committee being of that stamp, we must expect to see much of the fruits of that spirit in the State for the present; and, as there is no channel of communication with the public in this State, through which these fruits can be exhibited, the friends of original abolitionism will be obliged to resort to papers published out of the State. I send the following sketch of a meeting of the Middlesex County Anti-Slavery Society, held in Middletown on the 12th instant, for insertion in the Standard, if you shall deem proper.

I was not at the morning session, but understand that the auxiliaryship of the Society was transferred from the American to the State Society. This Society having been formed previous to that of the State, had never been auxiliary to it. Another act of the morning session was the rejection of a resolution against sustaining pro-slavery ministers. This resolution was brought before the Society last fall, and has been laid on the table from time to time, at its monthly meetings, in different parts of the county, that Abolitionists might examine the subject, and be induced to act consistently with their principles. But this meeting rejected it, and adopted as a substitute, an invitation to ministers to do their duty to the slave. This Society has repeatedly passed resolutions pledging its members not to support pro-slavery politicians, but they cannot pass similar resolutions touching ministers; oh no! They can sustain slavery in the pulpit, but not in the chair of state. They must have a set of *politicians* whose hands are clear of the blood of the slave, but those whom they receive as ministers of Christ, and *expounders of the Scriptures*, may have hands dripping with the blood of the mangled victim. Indeed we have fallen on evil times,—times which will receive as lights and guides to the people, a set of men more corrupt than those who are engaged in political strife.

In the afternoon an Anti-Slavery resolution was offered, and discussed some fifteen or twenty minutes, very ably, by Francis Hawley, when, on motion of Arthur Granger, a Congregational minister of Middletown, the resolution was laid on the table, to give opportunity, as he remarked, to Henry G. Ludlow, who had come hither particularly for the purpose, to bring forward a series of very important resolutions. The resolution was accordingly laid on the table, and H. G. Ludlow, a Vice President of the Connecticut Anti-Slavery Society, presented the following:

Resolved, That, in the opinion of this Society, the body of the clergy and the laity of this State are sound in their Anti-Slavery principles.

Resolved, That the issue, which has been formed between the clergy and members of the church of this State on the one hand, and the subject of slavery, has been a false issue, inasmuch as the opposition they have expressed, has not been against Anti-Slavery principles, but against many of the measures which have been adopted to promote the cause of universal emancipation.

Resolved, That we deplore the course which has been taken by many Anti-Slavery advocates, who have, as we think, adopted a wrong policy in denouncing as pro-slavery men, all those who have refused to coincide with their views of the best plan of bringing about the bloodless emancipation of the slave, being convinced that it is equally contrary to sound policy and to the truth.

Resolved, That we hail with delight the proposition which has lately been made in some of our religious papers, and, as we believe, at the suggestion of some of our most intelligent fellow-citizens and fellow-christians, to call a Convention of the ministers of this State to deliberate upon the duty of the Church in reference to the important subject of slavery. We anticipate from it the most happy results.

Resolved, That we entertain the deep conviction, that, with all their imperfections, the Anti-Slavery Societies of this country have done very much towards enlightening the public mind in reference to the evils of slavery, and the duty of the North in reference to it, and we are decidedly, also, of the opinion, that, instead of increasing the sufferings of the slave, and removing to a great distance the period of his redemption, our efforts have intigated the one and accelerated the other.

These resolutions speak for themselves,—they need no comment. So I thought when I heard them read, but to my surprise, the meeting allowed the first of the string to be taken up for discussion. I should have thought an Anti-Slavery meeting would have entertained a resolution in favor of Colonization almost as soon as this. But it was entertained, and engrossed the remainder of the afternoon session. The mover first spoke in its support, in a manner which implied that he thought the meeting was of the same tone. A. Granger also spoke in its favor; and in the course of the discussion, three other ministers, who, I understand, are not members of the Anti-Slavery Society, yet they harmonized well with the two first. These men had the effrontery to stand up in an Anti-Slavery meeting, and insult the understandings of Abolitionists with such excuses as the following, for the silence or apologising of ministers on the subject of slavery. They had been called pro-slavery, and accused of taking sides with the oppressor; and, having received such uncourteous treatment, they would not now, for this reason, come on to the side of right. But it was urged that if we tell them they *are* Abolitionists, they will immediately cry aloud for the oppressed, and spare not. And again, Abolitionists had assumed a dictatorial spirit, which was not good policy; it never would accomplish the object, *i.e.* they had preached the truth in all boldness, and the pro-slavery of the land, in true Bushnell style, would never submit to the beck of an association. Will these ministers act consistently, and cease preaching? For if the proclamation of truth; if laying their sins before the people, and exhorting them to repentance, will confirm them still more strongly in their errors, preachers had better desist. But I suppose they would find a vast difference between the two cases. Ministers are in their legitimate office when preaching to the people, but the people are quite out of their sphere when preaching to the ministers. The question, who are the real ministers, those who teach truth or those who teach falsehood, readily suggests itself. Yet why should any one presume to question!—Is not a minister a minister! Is not the Pope infallible! "Don't let me catch you *thinking* again," said a Catholic priest to one of the people.

Again it was urged that the resolution was correct in stating that the clergy and laity are sound, because although they gave no outward evidence of it, yet they declared themselves true to the slave; and who would dare to question their veracity? To be sure they did not say much, openly, but they could pray in their closets; they could weep in secret places over the wrongs of the downtrodden; but they could not plead his cause publicly, lest all men should say, "They are Garrisonites, and endorsers of non-resistance and the woman's rights' theory." They could not obey God in opening their mouths for the dumb, because a man whose name the world has cast out as evil, a man whom the world has separated from its company, a man who is every where spoken against, has opened *his* mouth for the dumb. But should Connecticut Abolitionists abjure the measures heretofore used, (calling things by their right names,) and adopt a milder course, calling all those Abolitionists who by *lip* say they are, then Abolitionism would prevail throughout the State, and our work would soon be done.

The resolution was firmly opposed by David Plumb, R. S. Rust, Francis Hawley, and Francis Gillett. Their arguments were of the good old stamp; and why it was that they with so clear views of the subject, and it is to be presumed the greater part of the meeting had as clear views; why it was that such a meeting should allow the whole afternoon to be consumed with such a plain question, and then permit the base falsehood to be laid on the table, to be brought up at a future meeting, as was the declared intention of the mover, it is not for me to say. I trust, however, that those whose eyes are now full of "new organization" dust, but whose hearts are true to the slave, and who, consequently, are determined to carry his cause forward, if in its onward progress it should grind a slavery-sustaining church to powder, will, by a few more such moves, get their vision cleared.

In the course of the discussion several amendments were offered, containing the spirit of the resolution, but in a somewhat disguised form, and the most strenuous efforts made to force it through without opposition; but it lies at rest till the next meeting. After it was laid on the table, A. Granger called up the rest of the series, and they too were laid on the table immediately. An effort was then made to bring some *Anti-Slavery* business before the meeting, but as "new organization" had done what it could to impede and turn from its course the good old ship Abolition, heading it in the direction of the port Slavery, it had nothing more to do to-day, and, in the person of A. Granger, it called for an adjournment, leaving the work for the slave to take care of itself.

In the evening the meeting was favored with a most beautifully classic and eloquent address from Francis Gillett, in which he spoke in the language of truth, of the Church lending its aid to slavery as its main support. Either H. G. L. or A. Granger, moved a vote of thanks to the speaker, and the other seconded it. But all the oil they can pour on, will not, I think, be quite sufficient to cover the wound they have given the slave, under the guise of friendship for him.

This movement, and some other recent developments, have led some that have been startled by the cry of "woman's rights, non-resistance, and infidelity," and many other sounds too numerous to mention, to inquire with seriousness whether the recent division in our ranks was on the true issue. Yes, a few new organized Connecticut Abolitionists are beginning to question whether the *movers* in this affair are not designing to let down the standard little by little, for the accommodation of the soulless, who will then come in and disband the Society, that the foul spirit of slavery shall have rest in its deafness and dumbness, and nestle still more closely in the bosom of the northern church, which is now writhing and foaming and wallowing on the earth, and rending itself, under the heaven inspired command, "Thou deaf and dumb spirit, come out of her, and go no more into her."

Some who are well satisfied that the real cause of division was a dark plot to betray the cause of the slave into the hands of his enemy, are flattering themselves that if they put the "woman question" out of the way, and the other humbugs, then the foe in their midst will make up a *true issue*, and show himself in all his hideous deformity; but they need not lay this unction to their souls; it is a wily serpent with which they have to deal, and unless he can go off in disguise, he will remain and do his best to poison the healthy; but at any rate his snaky coil will fetter them, so that their march shall not be onward.

For truth in its greatest keenness,
ABBY KELLY.

Torrington, Ct. June 19, 1840.

New School Presbyterian General Assembly.

We said last week, in our introduction to the proceedings of this body, that they had given the subject of slavery the *indefinite go by*. The reader will have perceived, however, from the closing item of that intelligence (which came to hand after the rest was in type) that *after* having indefinitely deferred the subject, the General Assembly nevertheless could not separate (perhaps we should say *abdicate*) without recording its testimony AGAINST ABOLITION, and on the SIDE OF SLAVERY! It had "no legislative power," and "no judicial power," and *therefore* could not utter a word, even of faint disapprobation of the slave system. But it nevertheless summoned together (perchance it may have been owing to the preternatural strength of its expiring agonies), it convulsively appropriated, we say, "power" enough of *some* sort, whether "legislative" or "judicial" we cannot tell, to pass a strong vote of condemnation against those Presbyteries that had taken anti-slavery action! These Presbyteries had presumed to say that those who "use their neighbor's service without wages" and hold human beings as "goods and chattels personal, to all intents, constructions, and purposes whatever," should not teach in their pulpits. A former General Assembly of the Presbyterian church, (either with or without legislative or judicial power) had declared such persons guilty of "*the highest kind of theft.*" And these audacious Presbyteries had decided they would not hear the thieves preach! This was too flagrant an offence to be overlooked by the New School General Assembly of 1840, and apparently with its dying breath, it bore testimony against so "*unconstitutional*" an act! [What a blessed "*constitution*" that must be, that renders it illegal to refuse as religious teachers, those who are guilty of "the highest kind of theft!"

The decision has been made. The choice has been taken. The rubicon is passed. The New School General Assembly is decidedly *a pro-slavery body*, and faithful Christian Abolitionists will so regard it. We venture the conjecture that either another "New School" Presbyterian church will be organized, or that "Presbyterianism" will have to get along as it can, without the aid of Abolitionists. A good many Presbyterians, as well as Methodists are opening their eyes to the fact that there can be well regulated Christian churches without the particular sort of machinery to which they have been accustomed.—*Friend of Man.*

For the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

The Verdict of a healthful Moral Sense.

The enlightened human judgment is not unlike a *magnet*. Uninfluenced by disturbing circumstances, it points uniformly to the pole. It is not affected by change of locality. Let it operate where it will, at the east, at the west, at the north, at the *south*, though it may waver a moment, anon it becomes settled, and faithfully indicates the pole. But like the magnet, when disturbed by the presence of accidental objects of attraction, it is fitful and uncertain. It is no longer worthy of trust. The index obeys the influence of the new magnetic agent; or, vibrating awhile between this and its more remote governor, it becomes quiescent at some point intermediate. When the usurping agent is removed, and not till then, will the index revert to its original and appropriate station.

Take for example the standard of *taste* in the mind. There must be differences of opinion, it is true, among individuals accustomed to think for themselves, in relation to objects of taste, in detail. But the mind, enlightened and properly developed, obeys implicitly a universal standard set up in that mind by Jehovah himself. There is but one voice among mankind, *unbrutalized*, in respect of the great features which constitute perfection in taste. Should any doubt this position, and tell us that taste is the offspring of education, we refer him to the rude and untutored son of the forest Show him a gothic arch with the apex downwards, and another formed according to the canons of architecture, and he will manifest his preference for the latter. Nothing is more palpable than that God has established a universal standard of taste in the mind.

So of objects *moral* in their character. Enlighten the judgment, and it will uniformly indicate a righteous decision, provided some accidental magnetic influence be not present to bias its action. We say it will indicate a righteous decision. We shall not be understood to assert that the decision in regard to the minutiæ of morals will perfectly agree among all. But there are great principles which appeal to the universal standard of rectitude; and every properly developed mind unhesitatingly awards them the same verdict.

We are well aware that this position is disputed. We know, too, that a diseased physical vision may convey an impression to the mind that the cloudless sun does not shine at mid-day. But we should not believe an army of such witnesses. Nor may we be persuaded there is no such thing as the moral sense, because minds morally oblique afford counter testimony.

Now we hold these truths to be self-evident,—that those who treat the image of God as merchandise, [illegible] country will share the guilt of [illegible] and philanthropic body expressed against slavery—proportionate to our guilt, I doubt not—if it were not so, the convention would display a palpable inconsistency. I believe the object of the members of it will be to defame no particular country, but to speak the truth boldly and fearlessly of all—to advance no other than the *interests* of the whole human family the world over.

While it appears from the call of the Convention that the abolition of Negro Slavery wherever it exists is the grand object for which it will assemble, I venture to predict that the grievous oppression of the subjects of Britain will form a prominent topic for the deliberations of that body.

"Let her (England) knock off the chains of the enslaved Hindoos. Let her retrace her steps as regards her aggressions and meditated conquests in China."

The men who have been most active in getting up this Convention in England are the very men whose voices have been lifted up, and whose appeals in behalf of the oppressed of India have been heard throughout the length and breadth of the land—the very persons who having burst asunder the chains which bound 800,000 slaves in the British West Indies, will not cease their exertions, withhold their appeals, nor keep back the awful developments of cruelty which their philanthropy has dug out as practised upon the inhabitants of the East Indies, until they shall have accomplished by the same means and the same untiring devotion to the cause of human rights the redemption of the one hundred millions of India from the thraldom of oppression.

"We have always, as a people, kept studiously aloof from the rest of the world, confining our relations simply to those of peaceful commercial intercourse. We want no further alliances. We will put up with no foreign or extraneous advice."

With all due deference to the opinion and judgment of the editor, I must say that I believe that an unchristian and dangerous sentiment. While I am well aware that a strong, and perhaps I may say to *some extent*, well founded prejudice and jealousy exists in this country towards England, none can deny that the Philanthropists of Great Britain are as *noble* and christian a body of people as ever trod the face of the habitable globe. I say, let us listen to all advice, come from whence it may, let it be weighed in the scale of reason and justice, and give it that attention which its weight and importance entitle it to. If I find a noble spirit who has burst asunder the narrow sectional feeling, which too much hems in philanthropy, whose sympathies carry him across the ocean and unto the ends of the earth," in good will and benevolence towards mankind, I hail him as a brother, without stopping to inquire in what country it pleased an all-wise God to give him birth—neither would I make such an inquiry were I raised from a couch of sickness and restored to full health by the *advice* of a foreign physician. Query: Has the editor of the National Gazette any better right to rebuke Great Britain for the wrongs which she is inflicting upon her subjects, and to *advise* her to knock off the chains of the Hindoos, than the philanthropists of Great Britain, a professedly monarchical government, have to rebuke us for our inconsistency, who *profess republicanism*, while we hold in as abject slavery as ever cursed the earth the one-sixth part of our population. With regard to the meditated conquests in China, and the cruel and wicked policy

beings by a "foreign interference with the affairs of Greece;" on the list of delegates the names of Rev. Henry Grew, James Mott and Lucretia Mott, of this city, are to be found, and many others who might be mentioned. It is of such persons from various portions of the Globe, that the Convention is to be composed. France, the West Indies, Germany, Holland, Ireland, Scotland, Mexico, South America, and other countries will probably be represented. If I am not mistaken, both the idea of holding such a Convention was conceived, and the place suggested by the friends of the cause in this country. The following extract from a letter written by Wm. Lloyd Garrison, on his way to London, will show what is expected of the Convention:

"The object of the Convention is not the gratification of an impious ambition, but the promotion of the cause of philanthropy and religion; not to get unto itself a name, by attempting to scale the walls of heaven, but to overthrow a worse than Babel fabric, which exalts itself above all that is called God; not to increase the power of the few, but to secure the rights of the many; not to perpetuate the dominion of man over man, but to enforce the great, self-evident, all-pervading truth, that liberty is the birthright of mankind, and that oppression and slavery, under all circumstances and modifications, in all climes and among all people, are in opposition to the will of God, and hostile to the interests of our race."

"The object of the Convention is to promote the interests of humanity. It is then a common object, in which all who wear the human form have a right to participate, without regard to color, sex or clime."

I am aware that a strong prejudice exists against the author of the letter which I have quoted; but although he has thundered in the ears of a guilty nation the strong language of rebuke, I believe him to be a man who acts with a view to the glory of God, and with good will towards all men; and whose untiring zeal and devotion to the cause of human rights *will be* appreciated, and who will be regarded by posterity as one of the greatest men of the age.

Under the charge of its present conductors, the Gazette has professedly refused to allow the subject of slavery to be introduced into its columns, "pro or con." I believe the article upon which I have been writing is strongly tinctured with "pro," and if he, having inadvertently given something on one side, is willing to give an opportunity for an explanatory answer, I hold myself in readiness to show that he is mistaken with regard to the feeling on the subject of slavery, both North and South; and as he has attempted to show the mischief the Anti-Slavery party in the North has done, I am prepared to show the good they have done; and I think to prove that the change in the tone of the South, and the increased restraints imposed on the slave, are to be traced to other causes than those assigned by him.

I have no doubt that the editor thinks his an "independent paper," on many subjects. I think it is; but no paper can be truly independent, which is closed against the investigation of *any* question. I can "tolerate error of opinion, when reason is free to combat it;" and I care not how severely I may be handled, or my opinions, provided I have a right to defend them. The editor thinks, no doubt, the Abolitionists are fanatics, and are doing a great deal of harm. If, in a fair argument, he can convince me of this, I will desert them. But let me say, that none of us need attempt to restrain the feelings or the expression of them towards us on the part of the spectators; but that while slavery exists, the inconsistency of our practice with our profession will cause the finger of scorn ever to be pointed at us.

Any publication which I may have upon the subject, or any information of which I may be possessed, is at the disposal of the editor, and will be cheerfully given, to enable him to detect any error into which I may have fallen, or for any other purpose for which he may see fit to use them.

D. L. M.

From the Pennsylvania Freeman.

An Ally of the Oppressor.

The New Jersey State Gazette has stooped to sell itself to the base uses of the kidnapper, and has recorded the evidence of its degradation, in the form of a conspicuous advertisement, offering a large reward for the apprehension of a "negro MAN," who in the exercise of "certain inalienable rights" has seen fit to "pursue happiness" in some other place than Kent county, Maryland, and in some other way than working, unpaid, for Edwin R. Carville, who, we suppose, claims him as a chattel personal. If there is a mean business—emphatically and surpassingly mean—for a northern man to engage in, it is helping the slaveholder to recapture his runaway slave—the strong to drag the weak back under that oppression from which he had escaped. If law and public opinion measured deeds by their intrinsic merit or vileness, they would pronounce it baser than sheep-stealing, and award to it a heavier penalty than to the grossest violation of the mere right of property. But law and public opinion have a way of their own in these matters, and one for which they are very little beholden to consistency, justice, or common sense. They throw the petty thief into prison and call it a righteous infliction, while they protect, assist, and commend him who robs his fellow man of that which transcends in value all external things—or him who lends himself for a paltry price to aid in perpetrating such a robbery. Hence it is that men can rank as respectable, and yet make themselves the hirelings—the purchased tools of the man-hunter, his mouth-piece, through which to shout the call that set his human bloodhounds on the bondman's track. We do not say that the man who can be bought to betray the holy cause of humanity—to turn traitor to liberty, and enlist as drummer in the ranks of despotism, and that for scarcely higher wages than will suffice to buy his drumsticks,—is as bad a man, or exhibits as much moral depravity as he who plunders his neighbor's poultry-yard for a Christmas dinner, or picks his brother's pocket for the means to spend an evening at the grog shop or the theatre; because we know that public opinion is a sorceress, whose spells have a mighty influence over individual conscience, and are potent to blind men's eyes to the vileness and enormity of the practice she approves. But this is no reason that we should be silent when wickedness is invested by her "glamour art" with the guise of virtue, and baseness assumes, at her bidding, the aspect of respectability. Rather is it an added reason that we should "cry aloud and spare not," in exposing the foul deception; and rend the disguise away with unhesitating hand.

The editor of the Gazette may say that he is only aiding a man to recover his lawful property. Lawful property!—and so he would be if he were aiding a pirate crew to recover what they had once obtained under *their* modification of law, so he would be if he were hurling a Christian captive into the arms of an Algerine corsair from whom he had just escaped. So he would be if he were binding anew the victim of the Sumatra cannibals, who had burst his cords and was flying for his life. Lawful!—The Spanish Inquisition is lawful—and would the editor assist the familiars of the holy office to tear the quivering flesh of shrieking heretics, with the red-hot pincers of St. Dominic! The hanging of Quakers on Boston Common was lawful;—would he have adjusted the halter around the neck of Mary Dyer!

The man who knows no higher standard of morality than the statute book, is no fit man to wield the enginery of the press in forming the public mind. It is a lame apology for joining in a conspiracy against the poor man's rights, that it is done in a way which involves no danger of legal pains and penalties. He who, for the paltry price of a newspaper advertisement, will help to enslave a human being—whether for the first, or the second, or any subsequent time of his enslavement—may indeed deceive himself into the belief that he has some other guide to duty than human enactments, judicial precedents and public opinion. He may fancy that he would not commit for hire a hundred other crimes which, though of less inherent enormity, are disgraceful and contrary to the statute, provided a legislative body would give them its sanction, and the majority of the people would pronounce a sentence of approbation. He may imagine that he would not follow a multitude to do what he now calls evil because the multitude has not yet authorized him to do it, or set him the example; but it would be hard to convince us that a man would not violate any single right,—so he could do it safely, legally and respectably—after he had shown a readiness to help in the violation of every right.

Another Case of Colorphobia.

BOSTON, June 17, 1840.

MR. EDITOR—Will you allow me to give you a short account of a most disgraceful incident, which occurred yesterday afternoon in Charlestown?

Wishing to ride into the city in one of the omnibuses, I had just taken my seat, when a gentleman stepped up, followed by a very respectably dressed colored man. When the latter attempted to enter the omnibus, the driver interposed by catching him in his arms; saying, at the same time, 'You cannot get in here.' 'Why cannot he get in?' I asked; 'he seems a very decent man, and you are public carriers.' 'I have orders from the owners,' he replied, 'not to allow any *niggers* to get *inside*.' 'If you keep him out,' said I, 'I shall get out;' and accordingly did so, and the vehicle passed on.

The occurrence had attracted the attention of a number of spectators, and quite a crowd soon collected on the sidewalk, on the countenances of a number of whom I observed decisive indications of habitual inebriation. These were very clamorous about the impropriety of permitting '*niggers*' to ride in public conveyances with white ladies. The sympathy existing between the pro-slavery spirit and the rum-drinkers and loafers in Charlestown was palpably apparent.

Much discussion ensued in the crowd. One man asked me, with an air of triumph, if I would like to have a sister of mine ride in a coach with a black man. I answered that I had not the slightest objection to her riding with any decent man. 'Would you walk from here over the bridge with that negro?' he asked. 'I would rather walk with *him* than with *you*, from the sentiments you have advanced,' I replied. 'In such a case I would fight,' said he, doubling up his fist. 'You would thus prove yourself a barbarian and a ruffian,' I replied.

The innocent cause of all this difficulty was a Mr. Jinnings, a colored individual of prepossessing appearance, very genteelly dressed, and of an intelligent countenance, who has qualified himself for performing dental operations, with Dr. Mann of this city. In conversation with several individuals he evinced himself quite their superior.

This circumstance, taken in connexion with the unwarrantable interference of some individuals, who are a disgrace to their species, with a colored man and woman walking together in the street on Friday last—the female having *a few drops of black blood in her veins*, but who was so white as to be undistinguishable from a white person—evinces that the ferocious spirit of prejudice against color 'is not dead but sleepeth,' and only requires opportunities for its manifestation, even to outrage and murder. Colored persons may not walk the streets, or ride in the public conveyances, without being subject to insult and violence; and if any friends of the blacks interfere, they are accused of wishing to create a disturbance of the public peace.

Truly, the race of those, 'who are of their father the devil, for his works they do,' is not yet extinct.

A justice of the peace finally came up and dispersed the assemblage.—*Liberator*.

F. F. MANFORD.

For the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

MR. EDITOR,—With all that has been done by our friends, we see ample reasons for efficient action on our own part. Abolitionists have met frequently, and held Town, County, State, and National Conventions. They have generally remembered us, scattered, peeled, disfranchised, and downtrodden, as we are. They have done much, very much, for the reformation of public opinion concerning us and our rights. Some of them have refused to sustain pro-slavery political parties, to give their suffrages to those who would not remember us in the halls of legislation. Yet the fact ought not to be concealed, that there are too many Abolitionists in *profession*, who have yet to learn what it is to crucify prejudice against color within their own bosoms. Too many who best love the colored man at a distance.

A fact or two in proof. From my own observation and painful experience, I am enabled to say, that a large proportion of the professed friends of the slave, the professed and recorded believers in the doctrine of immediate emancipation, give encouragement to prejudice against color, at the polls, in the social circle, and in the church.

At the polls, they sustain the pro-slavery laws which disfranchise us, and the pro-slavery parties that uphold and sanction those laws.

In the social circle, in company with white persons, they find it difficult to see a colored man, though they have spectacles on their noses.

In the church, they refuse to remonstrate against negro-pewism, and suffer colored persons to wander about the aisles unseated, till the sexton seats them *near the door*. A white person, of no greater respectability in appearance, enters next, and they offer him a good pew, with proper respect. Indeed, brother Gardner, of Newark, lately wrote me, that for seating and sitting with Rev. Mr. Williams, (the pastor of the colored Methodist church of that city,) in the free church of Newark, he was *reproved* by one of the *earliest Abolitionists* of New Jersey, one of the session of that church.

Besides, Abolitionists have not so much regard for the rights of colored men as they think they have. When press, speech, and other of *their own rights*, were jeopardied by the spirit of slavocracy, they raised their united voice, as men should, in self-defence. But now, when their own rights are somewhat secure, they appear to cease to feel identified with us. I know not how else to account for their strong and determined action in defence of their own rights, while now they are comparatively mute concerning *ours*.

I repeat, that these are facts which have come under my own observation; facts that are facts concerning a large proportion of the professed Abolitionists of this State and other States. Happy for us, however, there are many honorable exceptions, especially in Western New-York. But viewing these facts as they are, and feeling their malign influence as we do, I must beg leave to dissent from the views expressed in an editorial article in the Standard of the 18th instant, concerning a Convention of colored people. I know that your intention is correct; but had you worn a colored skin from October '17 to June, '40, as I have, in this pseudo-republic, you would have seen through a very different medium. The continuation of wrongs, injustice, and ingratitude, inflicted upon us by the State government, the small share of sympathy evinced towards us by many of our professed friends, and the still smaller amount of efficient action put forth by them in our behalf, all render it indispensably necessary that the colored people of this State should convene and act for themselves.

Yours, for pure and impartial Abolitionism,

SAMUEL R. WARD.

Peterboro', June 27, 1840.

Which are the Better Christians?

"By their fruits ye shall know them. Not every one that saith unto me, Lord! Lord! shall enter into the kingdom of heaven. If ye have respect unto persons, ye commit sin, and are convinced of the law as transgressors."

It strikes us, that not a few of our Colonization friends would do well to learn a lesson in Christianity—and that, by no means an unimportant one—from the *heathen*, whose Christianization is one of the avowed objects of the establishment of their Liberian colony.

This remark is suggested by a sentence or two which we just read in Africa's Luminary, published at the Methodist Mission press in Monrovia. A correspondent of that paper positively contradicts the assertion, made by a white missionary, that the natives of Africa will not pay the same respect to the colored as to the white man, and that therefore, *white* teachers must be employed, if any good is to be done. This representation is treated as unjust alike to the African and the colored American, and calculated "*to depreciate the man of color, in the eyes of the Christian world.*" The writer proceeds to say that the heathen in Africa, "have knowledge enough to judge of a man's character and qualifications (*without respect to color*) to be the teachers of themselves and children.

The editor of the Luminary adds his testimony to his correspondent's. He says, "That color makes any difference with the natives, as to the amount of respect they pay to men, is a grand mistake, and as we said before, a *ridiculous notion*. Native Africans are not wanting in discrimination. They can tell well enough that a tree ought to be valued according to the quality of its fruit, not the shade of its leaves, or the color of its flowers.

When will American Christians acquire the same discrimination! Would not a mission from these "heathens" to our "land of Gospel light," to teach in our churches, our seminaries of learning and even our "schools of the prophets," the first rudiments of the religion of Jesus, the most obvious truths of sound philosophy and the plainest dictates of common sense, be attended with beneficial results!

Before closing this article we wish to call attention once more to the remark, that such expressions as the writer comments on "*are not good in the eyes of the Christian world.*" It is a just observation and full of force. Well would it be if Colonizationists would ponder it deeply and draw from it the legitimate inference in regard to much of their reasoning in defence of their favorite scheme. Through almost all their reasoning, and as the very cord which binds it together—if not every where apparent, yet everywhere traceable—runs the one prevalent idea, the frank expression of which in one of its forms, occasioned the complaint of the Luminary's correspondent. He is a colored man, and can feel that the influence of this idea is to depress the whole class to which he belongs. His remarks evince, most clearly, too, that it tends to alienate their confidence from those who entertain and express it. The following sentence from the introduction to his communication, is full of significance, and bears directly and strongly on this very point.

"I never had any suspicion of your professed object, and the purity of your motive in coming to this country to benefit the African race; and very far be that feeling from my bosom, *until* I shall hear or see that you have expressed yourself in language like that of the departed brother which I have felt it my painful duty to contradict." How plainly does this say, that the use of such language tends directly if not unavoidably to excite in the colored man's bosom, suspicion of the purity of the user's motives and of the sincerity of his professions that his object is the good of the African race! And how perfectly natural the inference!—*Pa. Freeman.*

From the Herald of Freedom.

DEAR BROTHER PILLSBURY,—I hardly know whether you intended your notice to extend to all the officers of the Anti-Slavery Society, or only to the Executive Committee. I feel, however, interested in the future course of this Society and venture to drop a word in relation to it. And first, I earnestly hope you will keep in mind and strictly act upon the sentiments you have already expressed, viz: that this "society is far from seeking to drag her (woman) before our public bodies" (as it is accused of doing.) I think some have gone astray, in being so strenuous on that point.—They injure themselves, *the cause* and *the females*; and give occasion for the slanders of our enemies. When the plea of pro-slavery comes up, "what shall we do with all these *black folks* if they are let loose?" I always think of brother Root's mode of disposing of it. "Do with 'em!" says he "Do with 'em!" "Why, *Let 'em alone!*" So I say of our sisters. *Let them alone.* They are not amenable to us. Their account, for acting or not acting in this or any other enterprise, is with God. When we call upon *all* to discharge their obligations, to God and the suffering poor of his kingdom, we mean that they have liberty of conscience, in determining them, and not to prescribe a certain sphere in which some must act and not others; or to call any out of the sphere in which they choose to act, so they act in the great cause. Then if woman, *noble, gifted* woman, can better satisfy her conscience in the public lecture, or any other meeting where the *rights* of others are not infringed, God forbid that *I* should attempt to drive her away from *the cross*, or stop her wailings over the tomb of human hope! Nay more! If even children could be made to cry hosanna, at the onward march of the phalanx of liberty and equal rights—of truth and principle—of deliverance for the slave and philanthropy for the world, I would strive to still the tumult of opposition from the *Reverends and Doctors*, with that lovely portion of Scripture, "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou perfected praise!"

Again. Let not our "Herald" attempt one note of triumph! Be it ours to labor and toil for the destruction of the common enemy, slavery, while on earth we are permitted to stay, and then when we have fought the good fight and kept the faith, and stand ready to *be offered*, will be sufficient season, ample opportunity for us to sing our songs of victory and wear our crowns of glory! Oh brother, may God preserve us faithful till that hour. Is there no danger that our hearts be lifted up with pride? nor that we indulge in a vindictive spirit? I am accused of this already, but God knows my heart; and he knows that though naturally impetuous, yet I have no feeling of unkindness toward one of those, who I honestly think have done a most unworthy deed and made many wilful misrepresentations, in their attempting to rule, and then seceding from the Society; and my only object in what I said or did was to have them stand out undisguised before the community.

They have done what they have, and they have their reward. Let them alone. If their work be not of God it will come to nought of itself. Otherwise we do not wish to hinder it. But that wisdom from above may guide you in all your ways, should be our constant believing prayer.

I wish also, though perhaps I have no need, to urge that our funds be wisely and economically expended. It is a fact that much money, consecrated by the prayers and tears of those in the humbler walks of life,—the widow's mites and the children's offerings freely given to the cause of God's crushed and bleeding poor—has been (though perhaps not in New-Hampshire) lavishly expended. I am not afraid of the reproaches of the enemy. I only want to feel sure that we do not deserve them.

Our agents, if we have any must be paid and those who are permitted to stay at home with their families and farms, must with God's blessings furnish a livelihood to those who leave all, and go up to the fight.

I am glad your committee have concluded to employ brother Lewis. Who should plead for the slave, before the colored man. If there were not another agent in the State, or the *States*, I should feel that we must have one such brother in the work.

* * *

Yours for Christ and his poor,

* * *

From the Christian Herald.

The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

This is the name of a new Anti-Slavery paper, published weekly in the city of New York, on a large super-royal sheet, at $2 per year. The Standard is to be the official organ of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and will be edited by our worthy brother N. P. Rogers, of the Herald of Freedom, and he will enter upon his duties as soon as he returns from the World's Convention. The Standard is raised on the broad platform of old school, old-organized abolitionism. It is designed to take the place of the Emancipator, which was dishonorably sold to the New York City Anti-Slavery Society, by the new-organized Executive Committee, just before the annual meeting of the American Society to which it belonged. It has now, in the opinion of many at least, "lost the staff of accomplishment," and hence a new Standard is raised.

The well known talents, tact and high moral principles of the editor elect are a sufficient pledge that in this new Anti-Slavery press, we shall have an elevated (it may not be national,) Standard of independent and original thought, magnanimous and liberal feelings, firm sentiments and vigorous measures. But we apprehend the friends and patrons of the Herald of Freedom will feel not a little disappointed on beholding the name of N. P. Rogers announced as the editor of the National Standard. But they must concur. His labors may be needed in N. H., but they are more needed in New York. Let local interests and personal preferences be sacrificed to the general good. The general voice says—let N. P. Rogers descend the granite hills of N. H., go a little further South, and in "the Commercial Emporium," unfurl and raise the Standard of old-school, old-organized Anti-Slavery. Will the patrons of the Herald of Freedom yield cheerfully to the demand!

R.

Mistakes.—Brother Myrick of the Union Herald must be a little more accurate in small matters, or he will hardly win the commendation of being "faithful in much," because faithful in the least. He gave us credit for something which is not in our line, when he set our name at the head of the lines entitled, "MORNING" in his last. W. H. Burleigh is their author.

Another mistake is made in representing Connecticut and Maine, as favoring "the Abolition third party." The Connecticut Society has adopted a strong resolution against it, with but one dissenting vote. Maine we believe has not spoken in its favor, and it is doubtful how the majority there stand. The Advocate of Freedom seems rather to favor the scheme, but it is not certain that the State Society does.—Rhode Island should be added to the list of those opposed. The Society there has spoken emphatically, and except one or two voices, unanimously. Vermont, too, if we mistake not—and Indiana and Illinois may properly be added to the list, and we are not certain that the West Bloomfield meeting may not be fairly considered as having placed New-York on the same side. We are not aware that a single State Society is in favor of the movement.—*Pa. Freeman.*

NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

THURSDAY, JULY 2, 1840.

The "National Anti-Slavery Standard" is the title of a paper just commenced in New-York to be published weekly by the American Anti-Slavery Society at $2 a year. It is a large paper, very neatly printed, and the present number evinces considerable ability. N. P. Rogers is editor. There is little doubt but that it and the other Anti-Slavery papers in N. York will do much to promote the cause of emancipation.—Pity but they would quit quarreling with each other—there is no profit in it. Keep up the quarrel with slavery.

New Lisbon Aurora.

Thank you Mr. Aurora! That is just what we want to do, "keep up the quarrel with Slavery." And we do not intend that our contest with "New Organization," however warm it may be, shall lessen our attack upon this foe. God blessing our labors, our *standard* shall never be furled or cloven down in battle; but borne aloft in the sight of all, it shall yet be planted on the turrets of slavery's castle.—And thousands shall shout when they see our flag nailed tight to its peak—floating beautifully over the heads of liberated millions. We fear not slavery. She may do her worst. The North may bow at her bidding, the South move at her nod, there are those who bow not to Baal, and serve none but God. In a conflict with the beast "one shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight." Thus we feel confident of a triumph. Liberty shall be *re-enthroned*, and sway a healthful rule over this land. The Aurora expresses regret that we will not stop quarrelling with each other. In this case the quarrel happens to be all on one side.

We want to quarrel with slavery. To do this effectually in our opinion, would be to enlist every human being against her. She wars against ALL. So all are interested in defending themselves. In the early stages of the enterprize, we summoned them all, men, women, and children; of all professions and grades of intellect, advantage and situation. We excused *none*, we rallied for the rights of MAN, of course we allowed none to play the laggard. If the ministers held back we spurred them. If the professional man halted we quickened him, if the politician faltered, we pointed him to his seat—and told him he held it at the will of the people. If woman talked about delicacy, modesty, propriety; "usages of civilized society" &c. we turned her eye southward, and told her to look on her sister,—and see what the modesty and propriety of the age were doing for her, and how elevated the "usages of civilized society" made her. And then we told her to go home and go to sleep if she could, without praying for her, weeping for her, and addressing herself to the battle for her rescue. Well, we worked together finely for awhile: the cause found its way among the unbiased laborers of the North, and our moral position was sublime.

But the clergy, after repeated lashings from the early friends of the enterprise, enlisted, till they held a powerful influence in our councils. Then, Mr. AURORA, came the tug of war. They did not meet with sufficient attention. This was a democratic enterprise, and it brought all to a common level: it stripped them of all title, while in Convention, and called them by their name; which, by the way, "was against the usages of civilized society." It made no bows to outward appearance, paid no obeisance to factitious advantages; but loved simple unadorned humanity, and labored for its advancement. It allowed "LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE." It would let the Quaker sit with his broad brim upon his head, and allow the Presbyterian, or anybody else, to pray at the opening of the session. It would not disturb the retiring female, who felt that she had no right to speak in a promiscuous assembly; nor would it gag *her* who felt it her duty to open her mouth for the dumb. Thus organized, what a power it possessed. It overleaped the outposts of sectarianism, and stormed her strong hold: it rubbed out the prejudices of education, and cleared up the intellect: it scattered to the winds the influences by which man had been kept from his brother; and brought them together in *perfect love*. But the CLERGY saw all this, and they rallied. They tampered with our brethren, till they lessened their fervor and abated their zeal. They appealed to their interests as a class, and talked of the utter overthrow which awaited them, unless a check could be given to this spirit. Thus they went on until Amos A. Phelps could shake hands with Hubbard Winslow, and call him his brother.

Then they opened a full cry,—"What do these females here? Why are they not mending stockings, instead of talking of Abolition? This will not do: who defends this practice?" William Lloyd Garrison, and those that go with him. "Ha! then William Lloyd Garrison *must be put down*."

So up they came to New-York, in 1839, and made their onset, and were defeated; tried it at the New England Convention, after having emptied all the theological seminaries within hailing distance, for *recruits*, and were again defeated. They then seceded, and, for *conscience' sake*, (?) formed a new society in Massachusetts, and made it auxiliary to a Society that had openly avowed its approval of woman's public action in Anti-Slavery meetings. 1840 came around: they rallied again, circulated lithographed and printed letters through Massachusetts and in the city of New-York, came to the meeting on the 12th of May, and were *again* defeated. This turned hope into despair. All looked black. The only bright spot that loomed up amid the darkness, was in secession: so they cried, "conscience! conscience, against woman's speaking in public;" asked a vote on the question, and then arose, (two of their ministers did,) and asked all the LADIES opposed to woman's voting in public, to manifest their disapprobation by voting against such action in public, and they did so. Now, you ask us to stop *quarrelling*. Sir, we have no quarrel with them. It is all on one side.

We are as ready as ever to take these men by the hand. But they will not let us. They have declared war against us. They cannot tolerate differences of opinion on subjects unconnected with the Anti-Slavery cause. We have declared no war against them. We are on the old position. But they seceded for "*conscience'* sake." They could enjoy the largest individual liberty while with us. They could speak or sit still, could be modest or assuming, could regard the "usages of civilized society," and let their wives and daughters sit still, or disregard those usages, and be "*heathens*" (!) like the FRIENDS. We did not mark out any path but this; that assent to the doctrine of immediate emancipation should be given, and full liberty for difference of opinion as to *measures*. They were not content with this.

They assumed to drag in as a regulator in our meetings, the venerable Apostle Paul, and declared that their interpretation of his meaning should be received, and every female should be silenced, or *they would* secede. Of course, subjects of individual liberty, such transfer of conscience-keeping, could not be entertained, and they were dissatisfied. We protest against any responsibility in the matter. We ask them to come back, giving to them such freedom as we claim for ourselves, a blessing which has never been denied them. They will not do it. Who keeps up the quarrel, Mr. Aurora?

These men have yet to learn Christian toleration. They have never been aroused to that glorious feature of the gospel, "Respect for individual conscience." We have never thrown out any threats of secession. We have cast no blazing brands into our camp, scattering the flock. We have had our views of non-resistance, women's rights, &c. So have they. We have defended our views. So have they. We should never have seceded, had we been voted down. They were voted down, and *seceded*. Who keeps up the quarrel? Ah! who made it? So with POLITICAL ACTION. We have never said it was any man's duty to abstain from the polls, save each individual for HIMSELF, each man acting out his conscience in the premises. But they have argued, and written, and rode, and preached, that every Abolitionist that would not vote was self-disfranchised, and ought to leave the Society. Who manifests the largest toleration? This writing a man's sentence, and dooming him to banishment, because we do not like his *policy*, might have answered in the days of Aristides, but it will hardly be entertained by people struggling to be free, when the true issue shall come to their knowledge.

They have separated from us. They have split our body. They have made us two bands; and so far as jarring and discordant feelings are calculated to paralyze our power; so far as they tend to push us off that noble elevation which we had assumed in the eyes of the world; solemnly we believe before God they are responsible. We hope that they may yet feel that men were made to differ in opinion, and still be united. We are willing to make due allowance for their education. Taught politically and religiously to consider every difference of opinion as just cause of separation, it is not to be wondered at, that they should have distorted views of IMPARTIAL LIBERTY.

We value our organization. It is Catholic. It is for humanity. On it as on the platform of Christianity, the kindreds and tribes and tongues of every nation may plant their feet, and the world witness a scene like that of the descent of the Spirit at Jerusalem—all, all proclaiming the wonderful works of God. Men, wise in the estimation of the world, may decry it; talk of its worthlessness; but no age since the advent of Jesus Christ has beheld an organization like it. It bespeaks a better day. It is the forerunner of a more glorious hour; and though some may laugh, yet the efforts to mar our unity, and the rejoicings of the wicked over our divisions are proofs that its efficacy has been tested and feared.

Much as we lament the false conservatism that has trucked to the demands of a corrupt age, we are not discouraged. The "fanaticism of the present day is the truest conservatism." We rejoice in agitation. We love to see the ocean in a *foam*. Any thing but a calm in the nineteenth century. Indifference is the grave of TRUTH. In a fair field she will conquer. Why then should division dishearten us? We are on the high road to Freedom. Thousands of lips cheer us on. Tens of thousands beckon us up the steep ascent; while a world looks on as we apply to our task of aiding in the grand, sublime work. Prayer goes forth from unfeigned lips in our behalf from many a poor female. The bond mother at the South lightens her dark countenance with a smile bright as heaven, as she sees that we will not by sealing the lips of her white sister at the North, send her to take her lot with the doomed of the South.

The mechanic blesses us, for we recognize his manhood. We laugh at titles, and go for equal rights. The farmer empties his pocket to sustain us, for we hold that the "laborer is worthy of his hire." Over and above all, God strengthens us in our struggles. His arm supports our steps, and his hand covers our head in the day of battle. With a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night will he guide our feet through the mazes of wickedness, and bring us and all that truly value freedom to a land flowing with milk and honey. There shall we live in peace. No lion, nor any ravenous beast, shall dwell therein; but the Lord shall be our light, and God our glory. With an abounding faith in our eventual triumph do we echo the words of the Aurora to every man, woman and child in the land, "Keep to the quarrel with slavery." Like Samson on the day of his death, bow yourselves against the pillars of this temple of blood, and heave it from its foundations, that the land of your fathers may be *free*.

Colored American.

The editor of the Colored American has published our article on the proposed Convention to be holden at Albany in August, and appended his comments. All that he has said only strengthens our conviction of the impolicy of confining the call to colored citizens alone. We are a little surprised to see our brother plead for the necessity of exclusive action, because they are enthralled politically—Who made them so? The white aristocrats; and they did thus on account of their *color*. Had they been *white*, they would never have done thus. What then does it prove, but that there is a prejudice against color; and that, in every position where they and the white Abolitionists can act together, the barrier should be torn down, and cast away forever. Now, there is no necessity for a *Colored Convention*, because there are thousands of whites who stand ready to aid them.

It is but natural that they, being the immediate sufferers, should make the move in any effort for their reinstatement in privileges and rights: and it is but just that the whites should feel it a solemn duty to heed every movement, and aid them directly and efficiently. But the course of our friends is calculated to allay all interest on the part of the whites by the foolish appendage of "*colored*." It is not a Convention for aiding in the restoration of *man's* rights.—It is that a *colored* man may have his disabilities taken out of the way. Do any of our friends ever recollect of a Convention of citizens being called for the purpose of securing, maintaining, and elevating *man's* rights, where the Committee hampered itself by calling it a "*white citizens' Convention?*" Do they recollect of a Convention called for the triumph of whigism or democracy, where white men were only called? No; such a thing in a struggle for principles, is unheard of—save among the colored people.

It cannot be that our brethren are troubled because of sufficient respect not being paid to their *color*. It is because their *manhood* is not respected. Of course every effort should be directed to this end—of elevating their manhood, and clothing it with those political and civil privileges which properly belong to it. All who are conscious of the value of manhood, are alike interested in its support, whether white or black; and the strength of their position is much weakened by lines of division, drawn with special reference to the hue of the skin. If, then, (under your call,) a white man comes in, he takes his seat by sufferance; he shares, by permission, in your deliberations.

Now, if your object is to make white men love your *color* better than they now do, your course is right; but if for the noble object of convincing the world that you are *men*, and that your color you value not a straw, they are you wrong. For here is a *man* who, on the ground of *manhood*, wishes to strike with you for "freedom or a grave," not because *he* is oppressed, but because you are; not because you are *colored* men, but because you are *men*, and your rights as such are taken away. He cannot do it, because your call is for *colored men*. You thus have taught him that you not only value manhood, but colored manhood; and he looks upon you in the light of a clan from which he is separated, and the point of which separation is, difference in COLOR—We aver, therefore, that you do thus place yourselves in a position where you teach men that your color is of *value*, and thus arm their prejudices to the teeth against you. Of course their interest in your struggle is lessened; for what has a *white* man to do with the sufferings of *colored* humanity. It is like telling a furious whig that his points of difference with the democrats are right, and yet that he ought to sympathize with them in their ill fortune. The world cannot be interested in your case in this way. Your position would be greatly strengthened by battling as *men*. Had you called your Convention for the purpose of taking into consideration the condition of disfranchized citizens, and called upon all who sympathized with such, to have met you, you would have held a Convention that would have astonished both political parties, and at once have made it an object to one or both to have considered your claims.

As it is, however respectable in numbers, half the Abolitionists will only hear of your movements through the press. The enthusiasm which would have been awakened by their having been with you, and shared in your deliberations, will be wanting; and you will be doomed to see your stone roll to the bottom after having carried it to the ascent. Brethren, you can never triumph in this way, and you ought not: it is unjust to yourselves to attempt it: it makes your manhood secondary to your regard for color, and of course lacks power to overcome the obstacles in your way. Never will New-York restore the rights of which she has despoiled you, till she is convinced that you are as good as white men. While you regard *color*, she will regard it, and will make it an objection. Thousands are there who still feel squeamish about advocating fully *your rights*.—They see you trampled upon, despised, disfranchised, but still they do not make common cause with you. You are ever telling them that you are "colored" men, and they carry the association over to your rights, and talk about the "rights of colored men;" as though there were any difference between colored men's rights, and white men's rights. Yet, in the mind of five-sixths of the people of this State, there is a difference, else why are you as you are?

Our friend mistakes us when he supposes by our remarks a wish on our part to have them remain passive. We wish nothing of the kind. They would richly deserve the fate which is at present theirs, would they remain passive. All we want is that they should not refuse the help of Hercules when he offers it; declaring that, as it is their wagon which is stuck in the mud, so they will have none but men of their color to help it out, except by permission. We do not wish them to succumb to the whites; we only wish that they should move first, and give the whites a chance in the struggle. The editor says, in reply to our suggestion, to take time to act deliberately, and investigate the subjects in all their bearings—"that they have taken time, and have told the people, for ages past, that this is their home and country, and if they do not distinctly understand it by this time, the fault is their own." Will he tell us, then, what the Convention proposes to do? Does it mean to reiterate the old story? The editor *invites* WHITE FRIENDS: so we are to consider the policy chosen, to separate those laboring in the same cause, viz. "the restoration of rights to all wronged;" and the demarcation line to be just that which a pro-slavery public has chosen—difference of color. The wicked will laugh at seeing this policy—but if we can help it they shall not triumph.

Abolition.—At a late Abolition Convention of some five or six hundred delegates at Massillon, Ohio, it was resolved, that it would be inexpedient for the Abolitionists, *as such*, to take sides either with the friends of Gen. Harrison or those of Mr. Van Buren.

[It is of very little consequence what course they take in this matter. The number of them who have Abolitionism enough to countervail their political preferences, is scarcely enough to say "we."]

We cut the above from the Journal of Commerce, of June 25th. The remarks of that paper to us seem calculated to do good, if in no other way, by shaming the Abolitionists into duty. It is a poor way, and much do we regret that it should have ever happened in this most of all noble reformations, that a bitter pro-slavery journal should have told so nearly the truth about us, and that too on account of our delinquency. While there are enough of numbers among us to have cast 60,000 votes if not 100,000 in the free states for freedom, the course which our friends are pursuing is bringing down the jeers and scoffs of the wicked.

It is as true of us as of the chosen people of God, that when true to our covenant the efforts of our enemies only aid us. The history of our struggle furnishes clear proof of this. We have been mobbed and maltreated in almost every conceivable way. We have suffered more than any body of men that have trodden this soil since the revolution. Every engine has been put in motion to thwart our progress, but the efforts have been all unavailing. Our course has been upward and onward. And now we assert what we believe to be true, that it is in danger.

While true to the cause and to each other what had we to fear? Nothing. What have we now to fear? Treachery, a base dereliction of principle, a complete bowing of the knee to slavery, a kindred spirit to that of the vilest pro-slavery man the country affords. In what? In voting for pro-slavery men, in "choosing the least of two evils," in losing faith in God; in being made the dupes of pro-slavery whigs and their opponents; in cunningly studying arguments to answer the plainest proposition in morals, and wheedling ourselves into the belief that it is a matter of little moment whether a man votes his principles up or down. Hear ye the sneers of your enemies, already boasting that we have not principle sufficient among us to enable us to say "We." Is this not heart cheering? Does it not tell well for "*our side*?" Will not the heart of the slaveholder laugh, when he sees the result of the next election; showing that perhaps 10,000 votes were cast against both of the betrayers of their country's faith?

Brother! for what did you engage in this strife? Was it for office? was it that you might acquire notoriety? was it that you thought it might become popular, and so you should have a wreath woven about your brow? Or was it that you might save your country? that you might avert God's judgments, and save the slave? Why not stop a moment in your path, and ask for what you have put yourself into this battle? It would do you good. It might save you future heart-burnings. It might bring you to your senses. We do not doubt that you may be sincere; but we must say, that the man that can at this hour of the day, go to the polls, and aid in the election of Martin Van Buren or William Henry Harrison, will never be envied his clearness of perception by us. We should as soon think of asking that our sight might be as keen as an owl's at mid-day.

We do affirm, that no man can claim the respect of his opponent who does thus. He must inevitably lessen himself in the estimation of all clear-sighted men, and he renders himself doubly suspicious. What does he with voting for slavery? If the action of the government in the matter is such as to sanction and uphold the system, then if he acts politically, he ought to act radically.

We are far from going the doctrine that this government is "ordained of God." Some may believe it. They are welcome to all the comforts of their philosophy. We do not go to the Bible for the charter of this government. We go to the charter which the people have written—the Declaration of Independence. We do not mean to say that the

Episcopalians!—is this the situation of our Bishop!!

If the American Anti-Slavery Society can be furnished with money enough to illustrate to the South, the practical operations of the unconditional emancipation of eight hundred thousand slaves in the British Islands, with the united testimony of those who have been the largest slaveholders, and the slaves, in favor of free labor, that alone will remove slavery from our land, as the slaveholders here would then see, that interest, alone, made it expedient to emancipate.

D. R.

If the above be correct, and we have no reason to doubt it, we are furnished with a forcible illustration of the truth and justice of the remarks in our first number, concerning the position of the *American Church*. What is here said of the Episcopal, is to a great extent applicable to most, if not to all, other denominations of professing Christians in this country. To whom should we look for examples of purity, zeal, and fidelity in the discharge of Christian duty, if not to high religious professors, to teachers, to the spiritual shepherds in God's heritage! But do we find among these that meekness, and self-denial, and unreserved obedience to the admonitions of divine wisdom, which characterized Jesus and his apostles? Alas! no. Be it proclaimed on every hill-top throughout the land, that there is more love of the world and its vanities, more subserviency of soul to the vices of our age, more abasedness of spirit before the idol of American slavery, among the miscalled "*holy*," among those who have consecrated their lives to the service of their Divine Master, than among any other class of religious professors: aye, more obsequiousness of demeanor, than among our merchants, tradesmen, or artisans, whose interests are directly concerned in the support of this overruling Moloch! Such reckless abandonment of principle, such wanton and open violation of acknowledged duty, has no parallel on the page of human history. With what summary disgrace would a *merchant* be visited,—how thoroughly despised would he be by his whole class, were he to manifest a disregard of the common principles of trade, corresponding with this outrageous insult to the Christian name! He would be stigmatized as a moral pest, unworthy of any confidence whatever! He would be pointed at on 'Change as a *dishonest merchant*,—he would hear the epithet, *dishonorable*, at every corner. Men would shrink from contact with him, as from a contagion; they would keep their hands on their pocket books in his presence, and he would be met every where with rebuke and malediction. But the "Fathers of the Church" may go on with impunity in their gross and perpetual outrage on the name and nature of humanity! Oh, how do they suffer the destinies of the immortal soul to be despised! How do they wink at crimes, at the very name of which Christianity shudders! And why?—What magic spell binds their spirits to a subserviency to slavery, a thousand times worse than heathenism? Such spontaneous zeal do they manifest in the service, that we might almost suppose them to be impelled by irresistible destiny! But no. It is the base spirit of the hireling, yet the same in the humblest worshipper at the altar of slavery, as in the high and honored dignitary whose name stands at the head of this article. There is no earthly tribunal before which Bishop Onderdonk will be called to render an account of his responsibilities to his kind, but the day draweth nigh when such an account *must be rendered*, and then, how will vanish into airy nothing, the worldly honors, and the glory, and the fame, and the *substance*, which constitute the *price* of his subserviency to the American Moloch!!

There is another feature of the case which deserves more elaborate notice than we are now able to bestow on it.—We are told that "every Episcopal clergyman in the State would examine the subject," if Bishop Onderdonk would only give the word of command. Here is *unlimited despotism* on the one hand, and *infinite abjectness* on the other! Obedient and faithful servants of the Most High!! not of the Most High God, but of the Most High Bishop Onderdonk! How shall these cringing stewards render an account of their stewardship! Creatures of their own base kind may receive it as a sufficient apology for their neglect of all the weighty matters of the law, that ☞ *the Bishop told them to do so,*☜ but the higher Judge, who knoweth the secrets of the heart, and who judgeth righteously, will "reward them accordingly." Was ever a more humiliating spectacle presented to a Christian community!

For the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

The Hon. R. N. Wickliffe.

The Courier & Enquirer informs us that the Hon. R. N. Wickliffe, of Kentucky, has left the Whig party, and attached himself to Mr. Van Buren. The Courier speaks of him for his change, much as the Democratic journals spoke of its somerset a few years since. Mr. W. is a man of fine talent and great powers of extemporaneous debate. This same gentleman stated to a particular friend of ours, during the time that Kentucky was agitating the Convention Bill for the Abolition of slavery, that if the bill passed, and the question came before the PEOPLE, they would go for immediate emancipation without a doubt; and the only hope of saving the State from a change of policy, depended upon the prompt and energetic action of the aristocracy of the State, with Henry Clay at their head. Our friends know the result.

S. R. Ward's Letter.

Our brother Ward dissents from our positions in our article of June 18th, and thinks that had we a colored skin, we should separate ourselves from the whites, and go for exclusive action. Never! The darker our skin, the more strenuously would we promulgate the view we have taken. It is for our rights as a *man*, made in God's own image, that we would contend, and no man should see that we ever thought of our color, by any expressions of our own. We are very glad to have broached this point: it will do good. Our brethren will yet adopt our views. Brother Ward complains of the prejudice that the Abolitionists have against *color*. Will he tell us why *they* should not regard it as long as *he* regards it. Terms of social intercourse must be on an equal basis, to be easy and beneficial, and he may declaim against it as loudly as he pleases, he will find it unavailing till he strips himself of his color when he pleads for rights. Let our friends hold this convention, and the enemy will ask, "who are those assembled in that Church in Albany!" The COLORED people, "Acting by themselves, eh!" Yes. "That is just what we want. They have more sense now, about intercourse than the fanatics. Here *they* have been laboring these ten years to teach the world that distinctions on account of color were wrong, and the colored people are giving the lie to all their clamor upon the subject; for they say, they must act separately, because they are wronged. It shows that there is a natural line of distinction, and that the colored people see it as well as the whites; for they will not overlook the fact that they are COLORED. So prejudice against color is not *sinful*."

Will brother Ward tell us that prejudice against color on the part of a white is any worse than on the part of the black. Why are our friends oppressed? because society permits them within its pale *by sufferance*. So to prove that this state of society is wrong, they adopt the very same plan—hold conventions and lay the basis of intercourse between them and the whites, where the latter shall be permitted to come only by sufferance. Verily, this is one way to upturn the foundations of a wrong state of society, and impress the community with the idea that they are men. It never can be done. If it can be done, brother Ward is able to tell how it can be done. We offer him, or any other man, full sweep in our columns. We disclaim any design to keep our brethren passive. Let them take hold, but let it be on stronger ground than that of COLOR. Let it be on the ground of *right*, and we are with them; and then we ask them what they have to do with a convention of *colored* people.

"The Friend of Man."

Friend Goodell, we think you do not act fairly by us. Your chief object in noticing us, seems to be to find fault. The next time you cast your eye over our sheet, try if you cannot see something that is worthy of an honest, open spirit. We are not hostile to you, as a laborer in the Abolition field. Why do you salute us in such an unbrotherly way? You think you have discovered inconsistencies in some of our positions—but you surely do not think that we regard them in the same light! Then this is no more than moonshine. It is notorious that in party divisions, such as this, where strong prejudices are enlisted, *words take their meaning from the mind*, and language oft times conveys impressions almost the very reverse of what the writer intends. Where is the utility of starting points of this kind! We are not averse to explaining any thing that you do not understand; but we beg of you, as you regard the cause of the suffering and the dumb, turn your spears against the common foe, and not against us; we have not enough of the spirit of *resistance* to induce us to battle with you about non-essentials—about mere *smoke*. Let us explain now, in the spirit of fraternal affection, how it is that what appears to you so contradictory, is to us perfectly plain and consistent.

"Our platform is as broad as humanity, and our invitation to all."

Does it follow, because we say this, that we must admit those upon our platform who will endeavor to *alter its very nature*—to make it *less* broad than humanity? Does it follow that we must admit those who, at the instance of prejudice, or ambition, would subvert our noble Constitution, and laugh its principles to scorn!—Or if there grow up in our midst mischievous elements, shall we not expel them? Now, in the progress of enquiry, into the various matters appertaining to the Anti-Slavery reform, differences of opinion have arisen, so irreconcilable as to forbid the continuance of harmonious action;—what shall we do? Shall we remain together and forget the common foe in our fraternal zeal to cripple each other? Shall we not rather separate, and each act according to our respective notions of right? But if we do the latter, friend Goodell meets us at the threshold, and says our platform is too narrow to admit the co operation of those who do not agree to our "particular system of measures!" No such thing. We are now, where we always have been. Our Constitution is unaltered. It stands before the world in its primitive simplicity and purity. Any man whose convictions did, or might have led him to join the American Anti-Slavery Society in 1833, might still co-operate with us. Many who did so then, do so now; and we answer the question, *why have any left us?* by saying, it is because they have departed from their original ground, or because, not seeing whither the Anti-Slavery reform would lead them, their eyes are now, for the first time, opened, and they will not follow. We do not believe that the basis of division, is, the co-operation of women, or Non-Resistants. It lies much, very much deeper. We ask you, brother Goodell, to apply your logical mind to the cause of the division, and see if it be not closely connected with the nature of the reform itself. *Anti-Slavery* is a word of mighty power. Oh, it strikes at the very corner-stones and key-stones of society. It aims a death-blow at long cherished habits and opinions. It robs life of all factitious honors; but above, and more than all, it would put an end forever to the unrighteous dominion of "*the church*"—it would unseat popular theology from its throne, break down the barriers of sect, and, in short, resolve society into its natural elements, saving all the real progress it has made in the scale of improvement. Here is the true issue, on which the division in our ranks has been made up. What do "woman's rights" and "non-resistance" weigh in a contest which threatens such a revolution? If it were possible to change the nature of the reform, so that it should have reference only to the abolition of negro physical slavery, and none whatever to *the general emancipation of mind*, depend upon it, women and non-resistants might have participated in our action, and not a thought of secession would have been tolerated.

The American Anti-Slavery Society stands where it stood in 1833. Its platform is unchanged—and we hope it may remain so, because in our opinion *it is adapted to the end*. It will need no alteration of its essential character, although it may need *addition*. We know not where strict fidelity to our principles may carry us, but we know that it can never lead to a subversion of our original Constitution; it will never lead us where we ought not to go, but always to the object of our prayers, the abolition of slavery by the shortest way.

Clearly we have a right to deny admission on our platform to those who would contract it. We have an equal right to expel from our association those who are not members by virtue of faith in its principles. We have never exercised the latter prerogative. The secession was voluntary, and was based avowedly on the refusal of the American Anti-Slavery Society to incorporate a new, odious and despotic feature in its Constitution. What can we do else than regard "new organization" on this ground, "as inimical to the broad and noble platform on which the Anti-Slavery enterprise first started!" What can we do else, than give to "The American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society," and to "The Massachusetts Abolition Society," the place which they have voluntarily assumed? Their very existence is based on the assuinption that the old society is no longer sufficient, and no longer seeks, to accomplish the end for which it was instituted.

Does our friend Goodell mistake this for a declaration of war? We assure him that with those societies as such, we shall have little to do; but with the spirit that called them into being, we shall unceasingly contend, as we believe it to be hostile to the true spirit of freedom. It sought, while yet with us, to pull down our flag—to conciliate the bigotry and the dogmatism of sect, and never, while we have a pen to plead for the emancipation of mind, shall it find quarter at our hands. In the name of liberty, we abjure all chains whatsoever, whether they be made by slaveholders to fasten on the body, or be forged by moral despots to restrain the rights of conscience.

Brother Goodell says:—

"In the introductory article, it is said of the paper:—Its *principles* and *objects* are identical with those of that (the American) Society, as expressed in the Constitution adopted at its formation in 1833.

"Then, of course, it will enforce the *obligation* resting on *the people of the free states*, to remove slavery, by moral and *political action*, as prescribed by the Constitution of the United States.',

"Will the paper do this? Will it say so, in explicit terms? If so, one ground of dissension between Abolitionists, will be removed."

We will say what the Declaration of Sentiments says, that there are "the highest obligations resting upon the people of the free States to remove slavery by moral and political action, &c. Neither the "*Declaration* nor the *Constitution*, says a word about "enforcing" the obligation, and we do not see how friend Goodell can make out his case. We have never said that political action was wrong. We say that the Constitution does not make a belief in the rightfulness of political action, essential to membership, and we leave those to act politically who think they can in that way, best subserve the interests of the slave. The sum and substance of what we have to say about political action is, that our Declaration of Sentiments recognizes it as *consistent* but does not impose it as *obligatory*. We may differ as to the expediency of the various modes of action recognized by the Constitution; but we have no right to promulgate a *Bull*, denouncing any man or set of men, who choose one mode in preference to another, both being constitutional.

"We are unable to see why such stress is laid on *political action*, or why it should be a bone of dissension at all. Of all the modes of operation proposed, that is most deserving of our attention which promises to be most fruitful in good results. If any one be rendered nugatory, we may abandon it, until the obstacles to its successful employment be removed. Such is the case now with the petitioning of Congress. It were a most unwise and lavish expenditure of time and money, to make the same effort now that was considered highly expedient some years ago. As it regards the use of the elective franchise, so far as is consistent with the principles of abolition, and so far as the present state of political parties will admit, we can see no reasonable ground of objection; but this mode of action to be efficient, requires an immense appropriation of time and treasure which in our judgment cannot be spared from other quarters. In the use of "arguments addressed to the understandings and consciences" of our fellow citizens, we see a field of labor without limit, and one which cannot fail to be productive in proportion to the amount of wise labor bestowed on it. Who does not see that here, after all, the great work is to be achieved. Not an expedient has ever been proposed for the abolition of slavery, but its efficacy presupposes the establishment of intelligent conviction in the minds of the people, of the evil of slavery. This is eminently the case with reference to a third political party, the success of which is dependent wholly on such a revolution in public opinion as would naturally effect the object without its special agency.

We cannot agree with brother Goodell that either "we must acknowledge the duty of political action against slavery, or maintain that political action is sinful." Whatever is *right*, is not necessarily a *duty*, nor is every thing *sinful*, that is *not* a duty. We must respect the rights of individual conscience. This last sentiment that we have quoted, contains the very essence of moral despotism.

We will close these remarks by suggesting to brother Goodell, and to our contemporary laborers in general, that the great cause of human liberty receives but little aid, if it be not in fact frequently injured by prolix arguments on matters of doubtful expediency. A constant recurrence to the original mode of action, which so long as it was honestly pursued, was felt to be availing—perpetual and strong appeals to the intelligence, the humanity, the consciences of men, if we now return to it with the goodly zeal that once lighted up the altars of abolition sacrifice, we do not entertain a doubt that the liveliest sensations of encouragement will prevail, and that the cause of human liberty will be accelerated, and the hopes of the slave be renewed, that the day of final triumph draweth near.

J. S. G.

From the Liberator.

Mr. Webster at Alexandria.

The unworthy course of this brilliantly endowed, but feeble-souled man, is run. Statesman as he thinks himself, he has failed to perceive the only safe or statesman-like course, regarding a question of such deep import to the nation as the anti-slavery question. Astute politician as he would be thought, he is the latest of the laggards in the reception of the ordinary political axioms of an advancing age. He has been deluded and degraded by his ambition. That sin begins now to be rightly considered;—not 'god-like guilt,' as in the 17th century, but 'a mean chimney-sweeping vice, which cares not through what defilement it creeps, so that it can but thrust its head out at the chimney-top.' His selfish aspirations have been his ruin. They have blinded him to the fact, that he who would have honor and office of the people, must lead the advance. He must not suffer himself to be floated backward and forward with the popular tide, against the onward and ever-strengthening current of the times.

It were well for a statesman to have an inflexible sense of right and justice;—to be possessed by the inspired idea, 'Whoso loseth his life shall find it'—with little care though the promise prove to be less of life temporal, than life eternal. Perhaps this is too much to expect from a soul voluntarily seeking temptation, and stretching itself out of its Christian proportions in efforts to become 'available.' Torn asunder, like the robber of the Isthmus between the treetops, by the opposite demands of State government and General government, as the petty statesman in our country will ever find himself, he is not so much the State's *man*, as its slave.

But, avoiding every imputation of fanaticism or Utopianism, it is at least necessary to the statesman that he should be bold and patient, having a Stoic constancy, if not a Christian one. He must be able to see the fires of his hopes going out in darkness for a season, or no fulfilment can rise gloriously from their ashes. We have said also that he must be bold;—but *not only* must he be able 'to dare—dare and evermore dare':—a far higher ability is indispensable. He must be able to mark out his course on principles and considerations as high as the pole-star above the crowd; or even the mere log-cabin-led, cider-stimulated crowd will discern in him the infirmity and uncertainty of purpose which is its scorn. He must be able to stand immovable against calumny, exile from power and place, and apparently impending oblivion. No late-extorted concession should shame his constancy—no vascillation should stimulate the stifled derision of those who profit by his weakness. He should stand in the midst of his age, earnest and calm—resolute and ready—seeing that concealment is folly, and compromise weakness.

It is no clever shuffling or shallow diplomacy which can fit the strong man into his place as the helmsman of a nation like this. To practice them, is so to weaken himself in reaching it, as to be unable to fill it. Nothing can effect it but a clear perception' (with vigor of soul to act upon it,) that freedom only, freedom for the slave as for the master—the triumph of Liberty in the present struggle, can preserve the U. States from anarchy and blood. *Peace*, till this struggle is decided in favor of Liberty, there can be none. The only alternative is the one which is so madly kept out of view by the incumbents and the aspirants for office in church and state—national reform, or national ruin. Unholy quiet has been hitherto preserved only as long as the church could hold up her shield before the state;—so long, that is, as the people might justify themselves in holding slaves, by their religion. But deny that shield to be the true shield of faith, and the state, i. e. the people, will rage as only the conscience-stricken can, when exposed to the sharp assaults of truth.

This denial has been uttered. It is the heart's conviction of thousands, but its might is in its truth. Though one only had uttered it, it is of power to rouse a land. Some have pronounced it who lack courage to face the foes it evokes!* At such a moment, the opening one of an hour unparalleled in this world's history, had Daniel Webster been equal to its grandeur and sublimity, 'twere worth ten years of *creeping* life,' even to his political fame and success. But he is weighed and found wanting. Now, as in all past and in all future time, the course a statesman shall take in a conflict between Liberty and Slavery, marks him as fit to destroy or to save his nation. Let Daniel Webster be marked as one whose selfish and vicious feebleness is fit only to destroy him. Mark him, fellow citizens! all you who would fain be its saviours, mark him as he stands in the streets of Alexandria, 'hailed by an immense assemblage,' 'ladies in carriages,' 'with reiterated shouts,' as of triumph at his degradation,' crouching, bondman-like, as he calls upon 'distinguished' slaveholders to 'witness for him whether he entertains on THIS SUBJECT different sentiments from their own"! How does manhood sicken at his abjectness!

'As far as experience may show errors in our establishments, we are bound to correct them; and if any practices exist, contrary to the principles of justice and humanity, within the reach of our laws or our influence, we are inexcusable if we do not exert ourselves to restrain and abolish them.'

Most powerfully was this general principle illustrated:

'I hear the sound of the hammer—I see the smoke of the furnaces where manacles and fetters are still forged for human limbs. I see the visages of those, who by stealth, and at midnight, labor in this work of hell, foul and dark, as may become the artificers of such instruments of misery and torture. Let that spot be purified, or let it cease to be of New England. Let it be purified, or let it be set aside from the Christian world; let it be put out of the circle of human sympathies and human regards; and let civilized man henceforth have no communion with it.'

This *was* Daniel Webster, with his foot on Plymouth Rock. Now look at Daniel Webster in the District of Columbia, yielding up 'life, honor, soul and all,' if so he may establish slaveholding communion between New England and the South! Submitting to become the herald of Harrison's shame, for the more complete proclamation of his own! We have seen him heretofore stand trembling in the Senate, hesitating and yielding principle after principle, for the preservation of which our institutions were framed, as the South went on to bid higher and higher for his integrity. He shakes—he hides himself—he is 'sick at Harrisburgh'!—('Tis very like! he hath the *falling sickness*!') Another bid! going—but not gone. The scene changes from the Senate house to the open slave market of Alexandria. Webster stands for ignominious examination 'on a platform, erected for convenience,' before his purchasers. He understands from the whole presence that he shall put on the presidential crown at the end of four years, if he will assume the badge of slavery. It is a trying moment for a New Englander born. A bitter thought—the one that rushes on a man's soul with the memories of 'his birth-place, his home and his dead'—that he is about to disgrace and betray them all. It must be this thought that half-suffocates his meaning and makes him insinuate rather than declare it. No distinct word of Slavery, or Freedom, or abolition, passes his lips. He dwells darkly upon 'THIS' subject—utters enigmatically something about defending the Constitution, and 'your institutions.' He dares not frankly cry, 'Done!—'tis a bargain!' like a bold villain; but he crouchingly *conveys* away his own freedom of soul, and independence of thought and action—his country's safety and honor—his future hopes of renown—as far as in him lies, the best interests of universal humanity,—all involved in the great choice which now lies before him. But he signifies himself ready to sign, seal and deliver, and, with a voice quivering with consternation, counterfeiting joviality, he calls for the witnesses!

Crittenden crowds forward, with triumph, yet with haste, lest the purchased victim retract, and brands him in the presence of the multitude, with the mark of the slaveholder. Preston, rope in hand, bristles up to the auction-block. 'Hang' or bind, is his alternative; and he is content to do the last, only when bribes and threats remove the necessity of the first.

The sale is over—but Webster has sold himself in vain! With a brain yet reeling under the stupefaction of the pro-slavery festival, he neither sees the consequences of his blunder, nor feels remorse for his crime. But events will not fail to show him that the very shallowest statemanship—that of political cunning—will condemn his day's work on the 11th of June, 1840, at Alexandria, as

'Plus qui un crime—une faute.'

His bankrupt masters have established themselves his owners, without the power to pay his price. He has at length yielded a Freeman's birth-right for a chance at the Presidency. It is too late;—he overstaid his market.

* * These,—be it known to all curious observers, who would fain find out 'what made the split in the Anti-Slavery cause,'—are the '*new organized*.'

Fifth of July.

The National Intelligencer contains the annexed Memorial, signed by 21 clergymen of the District of Columbia.

TO THE AMERICAN CLERGY.

The undersigned, impressed with the importance, in view of the recent encouraging intelligence from Liberia, of aiding the funds of the American Colonization Society, respectfully invite the Christian community of this District and country to unite in contributions for its benefit on the 5th of July next. The whole Christian world is beginning to turn an eye of compassion and hope towards Africa. Her superstitions and sufferings surpass description. It is ascertained that she is, by the Mohammedan and Christian slave-trade, deprived annually of half a million of inhabitants, nearly two-thirds of whom perish in capture, removal and seasoning, during the first year. The colony of Liberia, by its ability for self-defence, its recently acquired territory, its improving agriculture, the growing influence of its Christian teachers over the native population, and its destruction of the slave-trade in its vicinity, must animate the hearts of those who are seeking to lay in Africa the foundations of a free and Christian commonwealth.

That colony, notwithstanding the difficulties it has encountered, is evidently opening a wide door of admission for our arts, institutions, and religion, among the vast but miserable population of Western Africa.

Humane and Christian men must surely be interested to improve and extend the advantages afforded by this colony, for relieving a quarter of the globe from unparalleled wrongs and afflictions, and bringing millions of barbarians to the knowledge of the true God and eternal life.

Let then the American churches come forward to this work of benevolence, with hearts touched with a sense of the Divine goodness to themselves, and with a fixed purpose to bestow on Africa civilization and Christianity.

The Saluda should return to Liberia by the first of August, with a cargo and emigrants. For this, and to meet existing engagements, fifteen thousand dollars are indispensable. Very much depends upon the effort of the churches on the fifth of July. Freely we have received, let us freely give.

The Society cannot proceed without additional means; its friends, we doubt not, will supply them.—*Journal of Commerce.*

Doctor of Divinity at Washington.

It is known to the public, that the Rev. Joshua Bates, D. D., late President of Middlebury College, has served the United States Senate as Chaplain during its present session. Perhaps it was not too much to expect that a man who was nurtured amidst the free institutions of New England and who had spent nearly a quarter of a century under the bracing influence of the free winds of Vermont, would be able to resist the wiles and temptations of the 'peculiar institution.' But alas! how hardly shall they that are rich in this world's honors, and titles be able to stem the tide of a corrupt public sentiment, or preserve their fidelity to truth and conscience in circumstances of trial and temptation.—We had some acquaintance with Dr. Bates in Vermont, and although we knew that he did not look upon the abolition movement with any great degree of favor, we were nevertheless not without hope, that during his stay at our national slave mart, he would exert his influence in favor of humanity and freedom. Accordingly, we have read with avidity his letters to the editor of the Boston Recorder, with the expectation that something would escape his pen indicative of sympathy for the 7000 slaves of the District of Columbia, and of abhorrence for that traffic in the bodies and souls of human beings, which is carried on by the authority of Congress before his eyes. A search for life among the tombs could not have been more fruitless. Here is a passage from one of his letters, which will show the feelings of a Doctor of Divinity in 1840, upon a question involving the rights and happiness of millions of immortal souls, for whom the Son of God suffered and died. Speaking of the sub treasury, he says:—

'It is emphatically *the* great political subject of the day. And, though not so exciting at present as some others under discussion, it is becoming more and more so every day; and is destined to become the engrossing and all-absorbing political subject through the length and breadth of the country. The subjects of SLAVERY, of internal improvements, of the protection of manufactures, of the disposition of the public lands, may produce temporary agitations, but they are MINOR AND SUBORDINATE SUBJECTS, *and will never burst the bonds which hold these states in union.*'

Slavery a '*minor* and *subordinate* subject,' in comparison with the sub-treasury! The Son of God exclaimed while on earth, 'How much better is a man than a sheep!' but here is one of his professed disciples and ministers—a master, too, in our American Israel—who considers a sub-treasury or a bank of more importance than the welfare of 3,000,000 of his fellow-creatures! and who thinks it of more consequence to settle the question how the revenue of the nation shall be kept, than it is to stop the traffic in human flesh, and undo the heavy burdens and let the oppressed go free! The Dr. must not think it strange, if his comparison of a question of dollars and cents with the cause of humanity and freedom, should awaken the suspicion that he cares more for his $8 per day, than he does for the requirements of conscience or the commands of Him whom he professes to serve.

It is indeed a melancholy fact, that a man like Dr. Bates should close his ears and steel his heart to the cries of millions of his fellow-creatures, whose sufferings are almost enough to cause even the stones to cry out! He professes to be a disciple and a minister of Him who came to preach deliverance to the captives and the opening of the prison to them that are bound. Does he suppose that his Divine Master would act as Chaplain of a body composed in part of men-stealers, and live on terms of intimacy with them from day to day, without rebuking them for sin? Or that he would reside in the SLAVE-MART of a republican nation, and manifest no more sympathy for the victims of a traffic in human flesh, than was exhibited by the Priest and Levite for the man who fell among thieves? Let him lay these questions to heart, under a solemn sense of his responsibility to that God who is no respecter of persons, and to Him who has said, 'Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the *least* of these, my brethren, YE DID IT NOT UNTO ME.'

Liberator.

Important Letter of General Harrison.—For some time search has been industriously made by Judge Berrien, of Georgia, for a letter he received in 1836, from Gen. Harrison. It has, fortunately, been found on the files of the Milledgeville Journal. The following is an extract:—

"I do not think that Congress can abolish, or in any manner interfere with slavery, as it exists in the States, but upon the application of the States—nor abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, without the consent of the States of Virginia and Maryland, and the people of the District. The first would be, in my opinion, a palpable violation of the Constitution—and the latter a breach of faith towards the States I have mentioned, who would certainly not have made the cession, if they had supposed that it would ever be used for a purpose so different from that which was its object, and so injurious to them, as the location of a free colored population, in the midst of their slave population of the same description. Nor do I believe that Congress could deprive the people of the District of Columbia, of their property, without their consent. It would be reviving the doctrine of the Tories of Great Britain, in relation to the Powers of Parliament over the Colonies before the Revolutionary War, and in direct hostility to the principles advanced by Lord Chatham, that "what was man's own, was absolutely and exclusively his own, and could not be taken from him, without his consent, given by himself or his legal representative."—*Journal Commerce.*

Lynch Law in Liverpool.

The Liverpool Albion contains a brief sketch of a *lynch* on the American ship Victoria, as she was about proceeding on her voyage, having cleared for New-York. A dispute had arisen among the owners, two of whom are English merchants of Liverpool. One of them, Mr. Sharp, ordered the captain not to depart with the ship; but the captain declined recognizing the owners in Liverpool, and insisted on proceeding on his voyage, according to his instructions from his American owner in Charleston. The ship was warping down to Prince's Dock Gates, when Mr. Sharp sent on board seventy men, who mounted tumultuously on the yards, and cut loose all her sails, and the sails came tumbling down on the heads of the captain and crew. The pier and ships in the neighborhood, were soon covered with spectators, who cheered on the work according as it progressed to suit their fancy of national rights. At one period, by virtue of handspikes, &c., the captain and his crew (the latter stood bravely by him) succeeded in clearing the decks of the intruders.

Mr. Shaw personally directed his men, who then took possession of an old brig which was hauling into another dock at the time, and by the use of chains secured the two vessels together, so they would jam at the Gates. The captain was also much embarrassed by Sharp's men cutting his warps; but he reached the gates, where both vessels were firmly wedged in. A number of the police-men and dock masters went on board to reduce the tumult, but all their authority was lost in the confusion. The tide now became ebb, so that the gates could not be opened. In the evening, a company of American mates, not caring to know the merits of the case, regarding only the American flag, went on board at an appointed hour, and in twenty minutes every sail was again in its place, and the ship ready for sea. Sharp's men assembled in great numbers, discovering that the ship could go out in the night tide. The captain applied to the civil authorities, who furnished him with fifty armed men to protect his vessel from any attack. The captain had a steamer ready to tow him *down*, while Sharp had two steamers, and an ample force with grappling irons, to hitch on, and tow him up the river.

The Police were, in this case, too formidable a body to attack, and so the ship went unmolested to sea that night.

The Dock and Harbor Masters were arraigned to render an account of the disorder in the dock; but the authorities allowed Mr. Sharp's conduct to pass unnoticed.

The writer of the above was an eye-witness to the whole affair, and so can corroborate the statement of the Albion. He recommends it to the consideration of such English Tory papers as the John Bull and Liverpool Mail, which are now so much troubled about American mobs. The story, as published in the Albion, was hardly copied into any other English print, so choice are they all of England's good name.—*Journal Commerce.*

Anti-Slavery Office.

All orders for publications, and all letters in relation to the STANDARD, should be directed to ISAAC T. HOPPER, 143 Nassau Street.

We are now neatly and snugly seated in the old office of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

The rooms have had a thorough cleansing—the walls have been newly plastered and whitened, and look beautifully. Our rooms are large and airy, and we anticipate much pleasure in grasping our friends by the hand and telling them how nicely our ship is sailing, now she is in clear water. A fine breeze favors us, and we go merrily. Let the true-hearted cheer up, and with lively enthusiasm, let us all press forward to that point where the greetings of the FREE shall touch our ears sweet as the melody of Heaven.

All communications for publication in the Standard, should be superscribed—to the "Editor of the National Anti-Slavery Standard," 143 Nassau Street, N. Y.

The Liberator and Pennsylvania Freeman.

Our readers will pardon us for having drawn so largely this week upon those two invaluable journals—the Liberator and Pennsylvania Freeman. They were unusually rich with "*first rate*" editorials. Our friends, Johnson and Burleigh, show that the mantle of their brethren has fallen upon them. We do not know when they have delighted and feasted us as this last week. We are almost ready to believe that they are "pricking up" since we unfurled our banner. May their hands be strengthened in the contest which they wage against slavery, and may they never falter. We have but just commenced *battle*. We may have many bright hopes dancing before us; but every day is showing us still a lower deep which slavery has dug for our abode, and the willingness of many to accept of it. The action of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church—the deep and infamous conduct of the Methodist Episcopal Church show us that slavery is a TERRIBLE FOE. She is of prodigious power, and her tenacity of life is beyond all calculation. She seems endless in resources. She scares and drives, coaxes and bribes, ministers of the gospel to her loathsome embraces; while the children of God look on with a vacuity of countenance and imbecility of action utterly disgusting, as they witness this spiritual harlotry.

Amid these evidences of defection and indifference, how cheering is it to witness the freshness and vigor of two veterans in our cause—veterans in battle, though "boys" in years. They harness themselves to the fight from week to week like two fresh men, upon whose forms not a scar is to be found, and their clear tones of voice and their elasticity of spirit, and the fury with which they attack the foe: all bespeak a soundness of heart—a loftiness of faith—and well-regulated enthusiasm which foretells any result but defeat. We bless God for their aid, and we tell them to be sure and remember that "Truth will triumph, and man shall be free."

We give the address of the friends of independent nominations to the Abolitionists of Massachusetts on the first page of the Standard. It is an able document—full of thought—calm, temperate and manly. It is the best argument we have ever seen on that side of the house, and we bespeak for it close and careful examination. We also give the review of the Editor of the Liberator. And though not designed as a special review, yet it closely, though not at great length, examines the positions of the address with power and triumphantly answers it. Read them both; about these things there is a great difference of opinion, and truth is found only in free discussion.

Terms of Subscription to the Standard.

We want the Abolitionists to understand that our paper is not to have a mere ephemeral existence; that it is to be what its name imports, and that the style and character of the paper shall be such as shall delight the true-hearted. The STANDARD will float its proud banner until the song of Freedom leaps from the lips of the stricken and hunted outcast at the South. We know that a man reads a paper with more delight, that he appreciates its arguments better, and takes more interest in its success, when he feels that the paper is his, not ours; that it is paid for, and he peruses its pages as a matter of right, and not by sufferance. Let our friends take pains to pay us for our efforts to furnish them with a beautiful and cheap journal. One dollar and twenty-five cents will pay for the journal a year, when 20 copies are sent to one address. One dollar and forty-three cents per annum will pay a year, when seven copies are sent to one address. Send in your subscriptions. Hoist the STANDARD from your upper windows, let the breath of Heaven fan it. God and the poor bondman will bless you, and your sleep shall be sweet.

Agents Wanted.

We are in want of some half dozen or dozen good Agents, to get subscribers for our paper. We want men who will feel that this journal is the organ of the Abolitionism of the country that its course must be upward and onward, warring against every thing that is opposed to the rights of man, no matter how firmly planted that opposition may be, or where is its resting place. Such men we want, and to them will be given a commission that will enable them to maintain themselves and the paper at the same time. Letters should be addressed to ISAAC T. HOPPER,

Office of the American Anti-Slavery Society, 143 Nassau st.

Subscribers to the Emancipator.

Those individuals who subscribed for the Emancipator, as the organ of the American Anti-Slavery Society for the current year, are informed that by making known to our Publishing Agent their preference for this, and their post office address, shall receive the Standard gratuitously for the time they have paid for the Emancipator.

Local Agents for the Standard.

EDWARD M. DAVIS, Philadelphia, Penn.
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CYRUS M. BURLEIGH, Conn. P. O., Plainfield.

MARRIED,

In Framingham, Mr. PHILIP D. EDMUNDS, of Lowell, and Miss. SUSAN HARRIET WILLIS; Mr. THOMAS S. EDMUNDS, and Miss HARRIET SUSAN WILLIS. The bridegrooms are twin brothers, and the brides twin sisters.

DIED,

At Steubenville, Ohio, of apoplexy, Mrs. BETSEY TAPPAN, wife of Hon. Benjamin Tappan, of the United States Senate.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Militia of Massachusetts.—Massachusetts has disbanded her militia throughout, and repealed the whole old system. Her Generals and Colonels, and all other dignitaries, are left standing alone in their glory. They can command, but there is no body to obey. Volunteer companies are hereafter to be relied on entirely, stimulated by a small annual stipend to each man. When the yeomanry of Massachusetts are hereafter called into actual military service, if ever they should be, they will not be embarrassed by bad officers who must be dismissed, nor by errors of discipline and exercise learned on training days.—*Jour. of Com.*

Loss of the ship Arab.

The ship Arab was totally destroyed by fire at Cedar Point, near Mobile, on the 17th instant, together with about 1900 bales of cotton which she had on board at the time of the accident. It is not known how the fire originated;—when first discovered it was burning fiercely in the lower hold. The ship was nearly ready for sea, having all her cotton under deck, stowed away, and only awaiting about 120 bales, designed as deck freight, part of which was then on board of a lighter, before taking her departure. At last accounts from the wreck all abaft of the fore rigging had burnt to the water's edge; forward of this the ship was still burning. The Arab was bound for Liverpool, and commanded by Capt. Chase. The ship was insured in this city for $44,000 at the following offices:

Jackson,	$4,000
Atlantic,	20,000
New York,	8,000
Ocean,	2,000
Merchants' Marine,	10,000
	$44,000

We learn that the cargo is valued at seventy thousand dollars, and that orders were sent to Europe, a few days ago, for its insurance at Lloyd's. If the policy is made out before the Great Western arrives out it will be fortunate for the owners.—*Com. Adv.*

TAKING THE CENSUS.—Our citizens have often enough been apprised, for them all by this time to be aware, that they are compelled to answer certain questions which may be asked by persons employed to take the census. A refusal to do this subjects each individual to a penalty of $20. Complaints have been made at the U. S. marshal's office against sundry persons for refusing compliance with the law in this particular. Among other names are those of Charlotte Heisler, 16th ward. She was arrested on a writ on Friday. James Cassidy, 10th ward, arrested 24th June.—William Loder, of the 15th ward, arrested 12th June. And a writ has been issued against John Roberts, of Clinton Place, 16th ward; all of whom will be compelled to pay the fine required.—*Commercial Adv.*

The Bankrupt Bill.—A remonstrance was sent on yesterday to Congress, against the passage of the Bankrupt Bill, as it came from

POETRY.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

"Without Concealment—Without Compromise."

In this sign shalt thou conquer, Liberty!
Go forth to combat with thy bosom bare,
And brow erect; nor take thou cunning care
In any slavish guise to muffle thee,
As thou by *stealth* might'st set the bondman free:
But bold as TRUTH, upon the astonish'd air
Fling forth thy banner, terrible and fair.

Then, they who strive to bind thee covertly,
With sanctified pretence thine ear abusing,
Shall cower before *religion's* searching eye—
With hers, thy holy fellowship refusing;
Nor shame thy Standard, leading to the field
The bands that bear, with thee, the cross upon their [shield.

M. W. C.

Ode.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Joy to the pleasant land we love,
The land our fathers trod!
Joy to the land for which they won
"Freedom to worship God."

For peace on all its sunny hills,
On every mountain broods,
And sleeps by all its gushing rills,
And all its mighty floods.

The wife sits meekly by the hearth,
Her infant child beside;
The father on his noble boy
Looks with a fearless pride.

The gray old man beneath the tree
Tales of his childhood tells;
And sweetly in the hush of morn
Peal out the Sabbath bells.

And we ARE free—but is there not
One blot upon our name?
Is our proud record written fair
Upon the scroll of fame?

Our banner floateth by the shore,
Our flag upon the sea;
But when the fettered slave is loosed,
We shall be truly free!

From the Friend of Man.

The Mistake.

I heard the gay laugh of an infant child,
As it rose on the air, so sweet and wild:
And its rosy cheek, and its fairy chin,
I saw on the mirror, my heart within.

I fancied its ringlets all fair and bright,
Like the rays of the moon on a summer night,
And its eye, methought, was like a star
That twinkles with joy in the sky afar.

I sought for the little joyous thing,
And almost believed it had taken wing:
Till I found that the laughter so sweet, and wild,
Was raised by a little NEGRO child.

Then I gazed on its cheek of a jetty hue,
Where before I had fancied the roses grew;
And I looked for the curls in its crispy hair,
That fancy had pictured as sleeping there.

* * * * * *

A tear filled my eye, that a paler skin
Had stifled the voice of God within.—
Again rose that laugh so sweet and wild—
And I wept while I kissed the NEGRO child.

Hamilton College, June 1840.

From the New-York Observer.

The Sailor's Grave.

Not in the church-yard shall he sleep
Amid the silent gloom,
His home was on the mighty deep,
And there shall be his tomb.

For him break not the grassy turf,
Nor turn the dewy sod,
His dust shall rest beneath the surf,
His spirit—with his God.

He loved his own bright deep blue sea,
O'er it he loved to roam,
And now his winding sheet shall be
That same bright ocean's foam.

Though sea and sky fierce war would wage,
And bellowing thunders roll,
He heeded not the tempest's rage,—
'Twas music to his soul.

He acted well the sailor's part,
So generous and brave,
And boundless as his noble heart,
So wide shall be his grave.

No village bell shall tell for him
Its mournful solemn dirge,
The winds shall chaunt a requiem
To him beneath the surge. C. T.

From the Emancipator.

True Chivalry.

We praise the knight of olden time,
Who left his ladye love,
And sought by deeds of bold emprise
His faith and zeal to prove.

He sallied forth with spear and shield,
The captive maid to save;
And to redeem the holy land,
His strength in battle gave.

Returning home, with trophies brave,
He laid them at her feet,
And though the Paynim ruled the land,
His glory was complete.

And shall no songs be raised for him,
Who leaves his home, his all—
Who girds the heavenly armor on,
At Freedom's sacred call?

He sees the captive maiden bound,
He hears her pleading cry,—
"Oh save me from th' oppressor's hand
Release me, or I die."

He views a land where Christ has lost
The sceptre which he sway'd;
(For Liberty is where he reigns,
To all whom God has made.)*

The shield of faith, the spirit sword,
He wields with power and might:
The foes of truth before him fall,—
His battle-cry "THE RIGHT."

Though scorn, and shame, and obloquy,
Are heaped upon his name,
The blessings of the perishing
Shall give him deathless fame.

Honor and praise your thousand hearts,
The glorious Union blend;
While the shouts of ransomed freemen,
Proclaim him as their friend.

* "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is Liberty!"

Yes; to thy tongue shall seraph words be given,
And power on earth to plead the cause of Heaven:
The proud, the cold untroubled heart of stone,
That never mused on sorrow but its own,
Unlocks a generous store at thy command,
Like Horeb's rocks beneath the prophet's hand.
The living lumber of his kindred earth,
Charmed into soul, receives a second birth,
Feels thy dread power another heart afford,
Whose passion-touched harmonious strings accord
True as the circling spheres to Nature's plan:
And man, the brother, lives the *friend* of man.

CAMPBELL.

The Useful Family.

On removing some time ago to a new quarter of the town, where I was an entire stranger, my first business was to look out for a respectable grocer with whom we might deal for family necessaries. With this object in view, I one day, shortly after our settlement in our new domicile, sallied out on an exploratory expedition, through our own, and some of the adjoining streets, in order, in the first place, to see what like the general run of shops in our neighborhood were. The result of this tour was to narrow the matter of selection to three shops of respectable appearance; which of these, however, I should eventually patronize, I did not at the moment determine, as I always like to do things deliberately. This deliberation, then, rendered another tour of observation necessary.

On this second excursion, seeing nothing, even after a very careful survey, in the externals of either of the three shops to decide my final choice, I resolved, in the conceit of a pretty ready application of character, on being guided by the result of a glance at the general personal appearances of the respective shopkeepers. On pretence then of examining a box of Turkey figs that lay in the window of the shops in question, I took a furtive peep at the gentleman behind the counter. I did'nt like his looks at all; he was a thin, starved, hungry looking fellow, with a long, sharp, red nose, and, I thought, altogether, a sort of person likely to do a little business in the short weight way with those who dealt with him. I thought, too, from the glance I took of his head, that there was a deficiency in his bump of conscientiousness. Him, therefore, I struck off the list, and proceeded to the next.

This man was, in all personal respects, the very opposite of the other; he was a fat, gruff, savage looking monster, from whom I did not think much civility was to be expected; nor did I like the act in which I found him when I peeped through the window—this was, throwing a basket at the head of his apprentice. Probably it was deserved, but I did not like the choler it exhibited—so I passed on to the third. Here was a jolly, pleasant, matronly looking woman for shopkeeper. I was taken with her appearance, so in I popped, and we soon came to an understanding. I opened negociations by the purchase of a couple of pounds of tea, a proportionate quantity of sugar, and several other little odds and ends, for which I had a commission from my wife. We found the articles excellent, our worthy, jolly *groceress* civil and obliging; and all, therefore, so far as this went, was right.

The grocer, however, although a most convenient sort of personage, cannot supply all the wants of a family, there is another, still more essential, inasmuch as he is necessary not only to our comfort, but almost to our existence—the baker. We still wanted a baker; having hitherto bought our bread in a straggling sort of way. What we wanted, then, was a regular baker; and not knowing well where to look for one, we applied to our obliging groceress. The worthy woman seemed delighted with the enquiry; we wondered why; she thus solved the mystery.—"Why, sir," she said, "my son's a baker; his shop is just a little further on. He will be happy to supply you, and I undertake to warrant his giving you every satisfaction."

Well pleased to find that our little expenditure would, at least so far as the addition of bread went, be still kept in the family, we proceeded forthwith to the shop of the baker. It was a very respectable looking one, and the baker himself a civil, obliging fellow; so we settled matters with him on the instant.

It was, I think, somewhere about three weeks after this, that our servant girl brought, along with a quantity of butter for which she had been sent to Mrs. Aikenside's—the name, by the way, of our worthy groceress—a very handsome card, which runs thus—"Miss Jane Aikenside begs to intimate to her friends and the public that she has begun business in the millinery and dress making line, and that every care and attention will be bestowed in the execution of all orders with which she may be favored." At the bottom of the card—"Availing herself of this opportunity, Miss Mary Aikenside takes the liberty of announcing, that she continues to instruct young ladies in music, on the terms formerly advertised, namely, two guineas per quarter, of three lessons per week."

"Aikenside," said I, on perusing the card; "who are they, these Misses Aikenside?"

"Relations of the groceress, I dare say," said my wife. We inquired, and found they were her daughters.

"Very fortunate," said my wife; "I was just at a loss to know where I should go with the girls' new frocks and my own gown. We can't do better than give them to Mrs. Aikenside's daughters."

I thought so, too, and moreover, said so, but being a matter not within my province, I interfered no farther in it. My wife, however, lost no time in calling on Miss Aikenside who carried on her own business in her mother's house, which was immediately over the shop. The interview was satisfactory to both parties. My wife was much pleased with both the appearance and manners of Miss Aikenside, and with the specimen of work which was submitted. The children's frocks and the gown were, therefore, immediately put into her hands. The work was well done; my wife said she had not seen more accurate fits for a long time; so, from this date, Miss Aikenside got all our millinery to do.

The intercourse which this brought on between the female members of the two families afforded my wife and daughters an opportunity of hearing Miss Mary Aikenside's performances on the piano—for she, too, resided with her mother—with which they were all delighted; she was, they said, an excellent performer; my wife adding, that as it was now full time that our two eldest girls had begun music, (of which, indeed, we had been thinking for some time previously,) we might just send at once to Miss Aikenside. I offered no objection, but, on the contrary was very glad that we could yet farther patronise the very respectable family whose services we had already found so useful; so to Miss Mary Aikenside our two daughters were sent to learn music; and very rapid progress they subsequently made under her tuition.

It was only now—that's after my two girls had began music with Miss Aikenside—that I began to perceive the oddity of the circumstance of having so many of our wants supplied by one family; for I may add, the baker, who was unmarried, also lived with his mother. But this was an oddity, to be rendered yet more remarkable.

'Mrs. Aikenside, my good lady,' said I, on dropping one day into the shop, 'you were good enough, besides furnishing us with what you dealt in yourself, to tell us where we could be supplied with what you did not deal in. Could you tell us where to find a shoemaker—a respectable shoemaker.'

Mrs. Aikenside laughed. 'My husband, sir,' she said, 'is a shoemaker, and will be much obliged to you for any employment you may be pleased to put in his way.'

I now laughed too; for the idea was becoming, I thought, exceedingly amusing. 'A shoemaker, is he?' said I; that's odd, but fortunate, too. Where is his shop? where does he work?'

'Oh, he has no shop; shop rents are so high. He works up stairs in the house; he has a small room set apart for the purpose. Will you walk up and see him, sir, if you please?' she added, pointing to an inside stair, which conducted from the shop to the story above.

I did so; and found Mr. Aikenside, a very respectable looking man hard at work in the midst of two or three journeymen and apprentices. He had seen me several times in the shop before, so he knew me.

'Mr. Aikenside,' said I, 'I want a little work done in your way.

Most happy to serve you, sir, said Mr. Aikenside.

'It is but a small matter, though—hardly worth your attention, I doubt, but better things will probably follow.'

'Don't matter what it is, sir—don't matter how trifling. Glad and ready to do any thing in my way' however small; always thankful for employment.'

'Then, sir, we shall deal,' said I. There's a parcel of my youngsters' shoes at home that stand in need of repairing.'

'Send them over, sir, and they shall be done to your satisfaction; or I'll send one of these lads for them directly.'

Here was an active, prompt, thorough going tradesman then—one who seemed to know what he was about, and who, I had no doubt, would do his work well; just, in short, such a man as I wanted.

I was altogether much pleased with the man, and could not help laughing, remarking to him the oddity of my finding so many of the wants of life supplied by one family. 'There,' said I, 'is the grocer, the baker, the milliner, the teacher of music, and the shoemaker, all in one family—all living together.'

'Ay, but you have forgot one—there's another still to add,' said Mr. Aikenside, appreciating the humor of the thing. "We can furnish you with a tailor, too; and as good hand, I will say, though he be my own son, as any in town, be the other who he may."

"Bless my soul, a tailor too!" said I; where is this to end? Pray where does he hang out?"

"Why, sir, in the next room," and he went to the door and called out, "Jim, Jim, I say, come here a moment."

Jim came—a smart, and although in the loose dishabille of his calling, a genteel looking lad.

"Here, continued Mr. Aikenside, addressing his son—"here is a gentleman who doesn't say he wants any thing in your way just now, but who may, probably do so by and by."

Jim bowed politely and not ungracefully, and saying he would be proud of any little share of my employment which I should think fit to afford him, put a handsome embossed card in my hand, with his name and other particulars relative to his business.

The children's shoes were sent to the father; they were promptly and well done, and the consequence was, that we henceforth employed him both to make and mend for us.

The experiment of a suit for one of my boys was soon after made of the son's skill as a workman; it was satisfactory—more than satisfactory. He, therefore, was instantly dubbed our tailor, and from this time given all our work, both old and new.

So, good reader, there we are. This single family of the Aikensides one way and the other, get at least three-fourths of our entire income; and right welcome are they to it, for they give a full and fair value in return.

Beautiful Extract.

"When the keen-eyed eagle soars above all the feathered race, and leaves their very sight below; when she wings her way with direct ascent up the steep of heaven, and steadily gazing on the meridian sun, accounts its beaming splendor all her own; does she then regard with any solicitude the mote that is flying in the air, or the dust which she shook from her feet? And shall this eternal mind, which is capable of contemplating its Creator's glory; which is intended to enjoy the visions of his countenance; shall this eternal mind, endowed with such great capacities, and made for such exalted ends, be so ignobly ambitious as to sigh for the tinsel of the state; or so poorly covetous as to grasp after ample territories on a needle's point?—No; under the influence of such considerations, I feel my sentiments expand, and my wishes acquire a turn of sublimity. My throbbing desires after worldly grandeur die away; and I find myself, if not possessed of power, yet superior to its charms. Too long, must I own, have my affections been pinioned by vanity and immured in this earthly clod. But these thoughts break the shackles. These objects open the door of liberty. My soul, fired by such noble prospects, weighs anchor from this little nook, and floats no longer about its contracted shores; doats no longer on its pitiful shells. The immensity of things is her range, and an infinity of bliss her aim.

Had the brightest archangel been commissioned to come down, with the olive branch of peace in his hand, showing his Maker's readiness to be reconciled, on our bended knees, with tears of joy and a torrent of thankfulness, we ought to have received the transporting news. But when, instead of such an angelic array, he sends his only begotten Son, beyond thought illustrious, to make us the gracious overture: sends him from the 'habitation of his holiness and glory,' to put on the infirmities of mortality, and dwell in a tabernacle of clay; sends him, not barely to make us a transient visit, but to abide many years in our inferior and miserable world; sends him, not to exercise dominion over monarchs, but to wear out his life in the ignoble form of a servant; and at last, to make his exit under the infamous character of a malefactor! Was ever love like this? Did ever grace stoop so low? Should the sun be shorn of all its radiant honors, and degraded into a clod of the valley; should all the dignitaries of heaven be deposed from their thrones, and degenerate into insects of a day, great would be the abasement. But nothing to thine, most blessed Jesus; nothing to thine, thou Prince of Peace, when, for us men, and for our salvation, thou didst not abhor the accommodations of a manger, thou didst not decline even the gloomy horrors of the grave.—*Hervey.*

From the Essays of Poor Robert the Scribe.

Who'll Turn the Grindstone?

When I was a little boy, Messrs. Printers, I remember one cold winter's morning, I was accosted by a smiling man, with an axe on his shoulder; "My pretty boy," said he "has your father a grindstone?" "Yes sir" said I. "You are a fine little fellow," said he, "will you let me grind my axe on it?" Pleased with this compliment of "fine little fellow," "O yes sir," I answered, "It is down in the shop." "And will you my man," said he, patting me on the head, get a little hot water?" How could I refuse? I ran and soon brought a kettle full. "How old are you and what's your name?" continued he, without waiting for a reply; "I am sure you are one of the finest lads that I have ever seen; will you just turn a few minutes for me?" Tickled with the flattery, like a little fool, I went to work, and bitterly did I rue the day. It was a new axe, and I toiled and tugged, till I was almost tired to death.—The school bell rung, and I could not get away; my hands were blistered, and it not half ground. At length, however, the axe was sharpened, and the man turned to me, with—"Now, you little rascal, you've played the truant—scud to school, or you'll buy it." Alas, thought I, it was hard enough to turn a grindstone this cold day; but now to be called "little rascal" was too much. It sunk deep in my mind, and often have I thought of it since.

When I see a merchant over polite to his customers—begging them to taste a little brandy, and throwing half of his goods on the counter—thinks I, *that man has an axe to grind.*

When I see a man of doubtful character, patting a girl on the cheek—praising her sparkling eye and ruby lip, and giving her a sly squeeze; beware, my girl, thinks I, or you will find to your sorrow, *that you have been turning a grindstone for a villain.*

When I see a man flattering the people, making great professions of attachment to liberty, who is in private life a tyrant—methinks, look out, good people, *that fellow would set you to turn a grindstone.*

When I see a man hoisted into office by party spirit—without a single qualification to render him either respectable or useful—Alas! methinks, deluded people, *you are doomed for a season to turn the grindstone for a booby.*

When I see a merchant or a mechanic trotting about town electioneering for himself for some office, because he is too lazy to work at his own calling, I think to myself, beware my good friends lest you be found *turning the grindstone for the wrong person.*

Eloquence of the Passions.

Cromwell was one day engaged in a warm argument with a lady on the subject of oratory, in which she maintained that eloquence could only be acquired by those who made it their study in early youth, and their practice afterwards. The Lord Protector, on the contrary, maintained that there was an eloquence which sprung from the heart, since, when that was deeply interested in the attainment of any object, it never failed to supply a fluency and richness of expression which would, in the comparison, render vapid the studied speeches of the most celebrated orators. It happened, some days after, that this lady was thrown into a state bordering on distraction by the arrest and imprisonment of her husband, who was conducted to the tower as a traitor to the government. The agonized wife flew to the Lord Protector, rushed through his guards, threw herself at his feet, and with the most pathetic eloquence, pleaded for the life and innocence of her injured husband. His highness maintained a severe brow, till the petitioner, overpowered by the excess of her feelings, and the energy with which she had expressed them, paused; then his stern countenance relaxed into a smile, and extending to her an order for the immediate liberation of her husband, he said, "I think all who have witnessed this scene will vote on my side of the question, in a dispute between us the other day, that the eloquence of the heart is far above that mechanically acquired by study."

Home.

BY HENRY A. FAY.

The Heaven of this world is—at least all that is truly the Heaven of this world, is to be found in one spot, so comprehensively denominated by one English word—home.

"Unhappiness at home, then misery abroad,
What is man, what is woman, wanting a home?"

Our weakness requires, that, from hour to hour, day to day, week to week, and year to year, there should be a point upon this earth's surface whither, when fatigued at a late hour of night, or overtaken by a storm in the day, we can bend our steps and our thoughts, sure of a quiet place of repose; sacred to our own desires: from which the whole of the rest of the world willingly shrinks, to leave us to our undisturbed thoughts and actions. There our individual property is respected, all our distinct peculiarities can be indulged; and if we are prudent, temperate economical and industrious, in the hallowed precincts of that place, all our own, we sleep soundly; enjoy the luxuries of the palate; read our favorite authors; and if smit with the *cacoethes scribendi*, give a local habitation and a name to the ideas which pass through our minds. Suppose that the possessor of that home is a man, that he is blessed with an amiable and intelligent wife, devoted to her husband—that is a joy which a crusty old bachelor, or a young roue, cannot at all conceive. If he has blooming boys and girls to climb his knee, encircle his neck with their arms, kiss his cheek and be ever ready to his call, he is doubly, trebly blessed. Care—care; to think of ways and means to meet expenses, furniture, dress, rent, notes due, servants wages, what is it—when repaid by the smiles and caresses of a lovely woman, whose interest is her husband's? Suppose the possessor of that home to be a woman—she feels secure in a husband's affections, one who is devoted to her, who loves, toils for, and studies to please her. Her thoughts centre there and she is happy. All the world's treasures are vanity indeed, to either sex, unless they are refined and concentrated, and made to produce the delicious results which alone are found in one cherished spot—home.

Self-Praising.—He whose own worth doth speak, need not speak his own worth. The conquerors in the Olympian games did not put the laurels on their own head, but waited till some other did it.

He that falls into a sin is a man; that grieves at it, is a saint; that boasteth of it, is a devil. Yet some glory in their shame, counting the stains of sin the best complexion of their souls. These men make me believe it may be true what Mandeville writes of the Isle of Somabarre, in the East Indies, that all the nobility thereof brand their faces with a hot iron, in token of honor.—He that boasts of sins never committed is a double devil. Many who would sooner creep into a scabbard than draw a sword, boast of their robberies, to usurp the esteem of valor. Whereas, first let them be whipped for their lying: and as they like that, let them come afterward, and entitle themselves to the gallows.—*Fuller.*

The Necessity of Effort.

To become the possessor of any thing truly excellent, is the result of corresponding effort. Upon the existence of this law, many things principally depend for their value. Were gold and silver to become as plentiful and as easily to be obtained as the metals of an inferior quality, they would soon lose the place they now hold in our estimation, and be ranked among an inferior order of things. And did the erection of a stately building or the accomplishment of any superior piece of workmanship require the labor of a few hours only, or the talents of a mere novice, they would soon be regarded as trifles, as objects entirely unworthy of our ambition. In like manner, were it possible for every one to arrive at eminence in scientific pursuits with but little exertion, the attainments of the learned, which now excite our surprise, would soon cease to command attention.

We do not pretend to say, that objects are entirely dependent upon this law for their value, they doubtless may and often do derive much of their importance from other sources. But we do say, that such appears to be the order of nature that every object which is truly excellent, is to be obtained only by vigorous exertions. The transactions of life afford us numerous striking exemplifications of the truth of this assertion.

Does the farmer wish to be distinguished for his skill in agriculture, he not only attends with diligence and care to the various departments of his labor, but also exerts the nobler powers of his mind in devising plans for the improvement of his science. He never expects the object of his wishes whilst indulging in idleness, and if he is so fortunate as to succeed in the end, he will always tell you that it was in consequence of his continued and laborious exertion. The same course of conduct is pursued by every wise and intelligent artist or mechanic. In order to familiarize himself with his business and acquire the distinction of a perfect workman, he knows that years of indefatigable labor and industry are absolutely necessary, and upon this principle he practises in all his operations. No class of men whatever, form an exception to this rule. It is universal in its application, and from it we will endeavor in vain to escape.

If we wish to arrive at eminence in literary attainments, we must summon all our energies into active and vigorous operation. No man was ever born an accomplished scholar, nor has any one been so highly favored of heaven, as to be gifted with such extraordinary powers as to qualify him for receiving any thing by intuition. Eminence is not to be obtained by empty volitions or idle dreams. We have yet to be informed of the existence of that man who arrived at distinction whilst indulging in inactivity, and we presume we are justified in saying, that no such individual will exist, whilst the present order of things continues. All our great men are men of laborious action. Point out any one of them, and you point out an individual, whose early and late hours, were they capable of speech, would harmonize in testifying to his industry. We are all familiar with the persevering diligence of a Franklin, Rush, a Rittenhouse, and of a host of others of similar character; and in their history, we have the almost omnipotent influence of active industry strikingly exemplified. To all of us have been intrusted the high powers which characterize intelligent beings, and every one is responsible for the manner in which he attends to his important trust. Eminence should be the aim of all, and by the most it assuredly is possible to be attained. But we should ever remember, that if it be attained at all, it must be only by active and persevering effort.

What has been said of the natural world is, in a natural sense, true of the moral and religious world. Eminence here is incomparably important, and the obstacles to be overcome in attaining it, are peculiar and numerous, and difficult to be successfully encountered. Active and laborious effort are absolutely indispensable. If we will ever attain to eminence in religion and morality, all our energies must be brought into requisition. We are required to strive, to agonize, to get into the kingdom of heaven. We must put forth every effort, strain every nerve, and leave no means unemployed, which may be calculated to further our great objects, else we will surely fail of success. The whole Christian life is one continued warfare. It is a constant struggling against opposition. There are deadly and powerful enemies to be overcome. The Christian, in order to come off successful, must be constantly upon his watch-tower. He must carefully observe the various movements of his enemies, and faithfully wield against them the weapons with which he is furnished in the gospel. He must be fervent in prayer, strong in faith, and powerful in wielding the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God. Without pursuing some such a course as this, it is folly to expect to be able to live near to God, and thereby render ourselves meet for an inheritance in His kingdom. If we will attain to eminence in the divine life, we must be laborious, we must be persevering. Let us then, as we value the life of our souls, and as we desire to maintain an intimacy with heaven, and at last to rejoice in the happy fruition of the blessed, be continually upon the alert; let us ever bring all our powers into requisition, and never relax our efforts until we shall be brought into the full possession of all the felicity on high which our souls are capable of enjoying, and for the enjoyment of which they were originally created.—*Chambersburg Messenger.*

William Coachman.

A colored man, about twenty-seven years old, was formerly a slave to George Hand, of Cape May, in New Jersey, who stipulated with William, that if he would serve him for a limited time, faithfully, he should then be free. William served out his time faithfully, and then left his service, and worked about in the neighborhood some time. He occasionally worked for his old master, who paid him wages, as he did other men. William paid taxes, and conducted like other free colored people in the neighborhood.

But, like Pharaoh, king of Egypt, his old master's heart became hardened, and he determined to reduce him again to bondage. Hand's avarice prevailed over his honesty, and in his conduct, he verified the truth of an ancient declaration,—"The love of money is the root of all evil."

It appeared by an instrument of writing, dated "April the 21st, 1802," that G. Hand sold Wm. Coachman to Captain Henry Corse, a slave for life. Corse was well acquainted with his situation, and knew that he was free; and yet he took a bill of sale for him, and intended, as appeared afterwards, to take him to the South privately, and sell him. Corse was Captain of a vessel, and traded from Philadelphia to Savannah, in Georgia.

William was married, and lived near the river Delaware, in the county of Cape May. As Corse was going down the river, on his way to Savannah, in the summer of 1804, when opposite William's residence, he cast anchor, and in the night he took several of his hands on shore, and went to his house. William was in bed with his wife, and had no suspicion of harm. Corse had often been in his house, and knew in what part of it the bed was located. The banditti suddenly burst open the door, seized and dragged him off to the boat; and so adroitly was this done, that none of the party were recognized by William's wife. As soon as they got him to the boat, they tied his hands to a ring in the stern, and took him to the vessel that was waiting their return. As soon as they got him on board, they hoisted anchor and made the best of their way to Savannah. William was kept tied until the vessel got out of the river, as they were afraid he would jump overboard and swim to the shore.

After he returned, he described his feelings at this period as horrible in the extreme. Although the bill of sale, of Hand to Corse, was dated a considerable time before this event, he had never pretended to exercise any kind of ownership over him, and William had not the most distant idea that he ever claimed a right to do so.

Corse took his captive to Savannah, and sold him to a citizen of that place by the name of Captain Spencer, for $320, and, as usual, returned to Philadelphia. This transaction was not divulged until he returned the second time, when a colored man by the name of Tate, a sailor, called upon me and narrated the whole affair: this was in the latter part of the eighth, or forepart of the ninth month. The yellow fever prevailed at the time in the city, particularly in the neighborhood of Front street, and Callowhill and Vine streets.

I took the man who gave me the information, to the Mayor, Matthew Lawler, and after the usual preliminaries, he issued his warrant for the arrest of Captain Corse. His vessel lay in the stream opposite Callowhill street, and it was with difficulty that I could prevail on an officer to execute it, fearing to go to that neighborhood, lest they might take the disease. At length, John Miller, High Constable, agreed to accompany me, though he did so with great reluctance. After we had proceeded a little above Vine street, in Front, we saw the vessel dropping down the stream with the tide. We walked slowly down the street, until we reached Queen street, in the district of Southwark, when she cast anchor.

I hired two colored men to take us in a boat to the vessel; and when we got within a rod or two of her, seeing several persons on deck, I called to them and inquired if the Captain was on board, and was answered in the affirmative. I then requested them to tell him that we had a warrant for him, and wished him to get ready to go with us. When we got alongside of the vessel, I got on board, leaving the constable and the two colored men in the boat. I then inquired of a man on board, for the Captain, and was answered by a person standing by me, who said, "I am the Captain." I then asked him if his name was Corse—he replied, "Yes." I stated to him the matter whereof he was charged, and told him that he must accompany us to the Mayor's office; but he informed us that he could not possibly leave the vessel under any circumstances. I informed him that he must go, and that immediately. He then asked me to go into the cabin, to which I assented. When we got there, he declared most positively that he was entirely ignorant of any thing like that of which he was accused; and asked me what the penalty was for an offence of the kind. He appeared exceedingly alarmed, but after considerable hesitation, he accompanied us to the Mayor's. Savage Stillwell, who owned the vessel in which Corse sailed, was sent for.—Corse was held to bail to appear at the Mayor's Court himself, in fifteen hundred dollars, and Savage Stillwell in the like sum.

The next trip he called upon Captain Spencer, and told him that he had got in difficulty respecting the man he had sold to him, and that he must return him to Philadelphia, as it was alleged that he was a free man. Spencer offered to let Corse have the man, but demanded four hundred dollars for him: but Corse made such a pitiful story, that Spencer finally agreed to let him have the man for the same sum that he had given for him.

Corse concluded to leave William in the custody of Spencer till he was about to sail, when, he said, he would call, pay the money, and take him away. When he was ready to depart, he called upon Spencer for his man, but he was not to be found. Corse affected great distress—said if he went to Philadelphia without him, he would be ruined—got hand-bills printed and circulated, offering a large reward for William. After some time, Spencer began to think that there was some kind of deception in the business, and plainly told Corse that he believed the man was secreted on board of his vessel. The latter immediately threw open the hatches, and insisted that she should be searched. And Spencer told me afterwards, that he appeared so sincere, that he concluded the man was not on board. Spencer left the vessel and went home, and the Captain set sail for Philadelphia, and brought with him William Coachman, who was restored to his deeply distressed wife.

About a year after Spencer had lost his man, he heard that he had returned to Jersey, and he went to Philadelphia and called upon me. I informed him of what had taken place, and also where he might find William; but at the same time, I let him know that William was a free man, and had been kidnapped by Corse. He hired a carriage and went to Cape May, a distance of fifty or sixty miles. When William heard that Spencer was in pursuit of him, he immediately started off to Philadelphia, and called at my house. As soon as Spencer found the man had gone to Philadelphia, he returned to that city, made application to a magistrate, had William arrested at my house, and conducted to prison.

I was from home when this occurred, but as soon as I returned, on being informed of what was done, I made application to John Inskeep, one of the Judges of the Common Pleas and obtained an order for a Habeas Corpus. Neither of the parties employed counsel, but upon appearing before the Judge, I produced such documents as satisfied the Judge, Spencer, and all that were present, that William Coachman was a free man, and he was discharged.

Spencer then set to work to find Corse, and offered a high reward for his apprehension, but he was not to be found: he knew the consequences that would follow, if taken, and therefore kept out of the way. After Captain Spencer ascertained that further search would be useless, he went home.

Corse first kidnapped the man, and sold him for three hundred and twenty dollars, and afterwards stole him from the person he had sold him to, and gave him free. The prosecution against him was abandoned at the solicitation of Savage Stillwell, and some other respectable citizens.—Spencer never received the money he paid for William.

ISAAC T. HOPPER.

The Rose Bed of Bengal.

Ghazipore stands upon the north bend of the Ganges, about 70 miles, by water, below Benares. It is not a very extensive town, but is justly celebrated as the Gul-istan (the rose bed) of Bengal. In the spring of the year an extent of miles around the town presents to the eye a continued garden of roses, than which nothing can be more beautiful and fragrant. The sight is perfectly dazzling; the plain as far as the eye could reach, extending in the same bespangled carpet of red and green. The breezes, too, are loaded with the sweet odor which is wafted across the Ganges.

The flower is cultivated thus extensively for the manufacturer of rose water, that of Ghazipore being justly esteemed as surpassing in excellence every production of the sort. Whether or not this may be attributable to the superiority of the flowers, or to the process of distillation I cannot say; but but as the rose did not appear to me to possess greater flavour than others of their class, I should rather refer it to the latter cause; unless indeed it be that the wonderful abundance of the material enables them to be more lavish in its decoction than is elsewhere possible. It is not less cheap than excellent; a gallon of the most delicious may be purchased for seven or eight shillings.

They do not understand however at Ghazipore the art of distilling the otto of roses in the same perfection as the Persians. The spurious compound which they endeavour to palm upon the traveller is weak, and possesses a sickly, disagreeable odor foreign to the rose; but the purchaser is often deceived by a little of the true otto being rubbed about the stopper and neck of the bottle. The prices demanded for this miserable imitation are exorbitant; the explanation of which I received from one of the venders—he assured me that long experience had taught him that it was part of the character of the English to decry every thing cheap, and to consider any thing choice and excellent that was extravagantly priced.—*Oriental Annual.*

Do as you would be done unto.—The horse of a pious man living in Massachusetts, happening to stray into the road, a neighbor of the man who owned the horse put him into the pound. Meeting the owner soon after, he told him what he had done: "and if I catch him in the road again," said he, "I'll do it again." "Neighbor," replied the other, "not long since I looked out of my window in the night, and saw your cattle in my meadow, and I drove them out, and shut them in your yard—and *I'll do it again.*" Struck with the reply, the man liberated the horse from the pound, and paid the charges himself. "A soft answer turneth away wrath."

Gold and Silver Glass.—Two curious and astonishing specimens of New Manufacture, brought forward by the French, have just been exhibited to various members of the Royal Society, at a soiree given by their President, the Marquis of Northampton. They were rich silk curtains, having all the appearance of being figured with silver and gold, in the most gorgeous patterns, though both brilliant materials were nothing more than woven glass, and may be manufactured for a mere trifle.

There is an everlasting harmony between the soul of man and the noble forms of creation. If there were no innocent hearts, there would be no white lilies.—*Child.*